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COLLIER'S

WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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VOL TWENTY-FIVE NO 19 NEW YORK AUGUST 11 1900 PRICE TEN CENTS

THE LATE KING HUMBERT OF ITALY

QUEEN MARGHERITA, WIFE OF KING HUMBERT

VICTOR EMMANUEL III., WHO SUCCEEDS KING HUMBERT

PRINCESS HELENA, WIFE OF VICTOR EMMANUEL III.

THE LATE KING OF ITALY AND HIS STAFF

THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE KING HUMBERT OF ITALY WAS TAKEN DURING THE CAVALRY MANOEUVRES NEAR TURIN AND REPRESENTS THE RECENTLY ASSASSINATED KING AS HE WAS ACCUSTOMED TO APPEAR WITH HIS PERSONAL STAFF ON REVIEW AND EXHIBITION DAYS

(SEE PAGE 5)

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF ART — LITERATURE AND CURRENT EVENTS

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NEW YORK, AUGUST ELEVENTH, 1900

LORD ROBERTS' TASK IN THE TRANSVAAL

PUBLIC ATTENTION has been of late so entirely diverted from South Africa to China that, perhaps, few readers have observed how difficult a task Lord Roberts has found it to deal with the guerilla warfare to which the remnant of the Boer forces, still afoot in the Transvaal, has had recourse. It is important to bear two things in mind: first, that it is now winter in South Africa, and that, consequently, European soldiers are subjected to severe hardships and privations on the veldt, where the elevation must be taken into account, as well as the latitude; secondly, Lord Roberts' line of communication with his base is many hundreds of miles long, and is, of course, being continually extended as he advances northward. The opportunities of interruption are thus multiplied, and the number of soldiers available for the advance column is proportionately diminished. Imagine a European army invading the United States and attempting to follow the retreat of our Executive, first beyond the Alleghanies, and then beyond the Mississippi. It is a similar task which Lord Roberts has undertaken. No doubt, he will accomplish it, but he may require a good deal of time, and he may expect to encounter some local and temporary reverses.

INDEPENDENCE FOR THE FILIPINOS

THE QUESTION which the Anti-Imperialists find most difficult to answer is this, What alternative policy to Mr. McKinley's do you offer? Would you have us withdraw our soldiers, and leave the Philippines derelict, at the mercy of any conquering power? Some people profess to be shocked at the thought of returning a downright affirmative answer to this question, but they seem to forget that any probable conquering power would be certain to treat the Filipinos better than they were treated by Spain, so that the islanders could not but benefit by the hypothetical change in which we should have been instrumental. It is not necessary, however, to leave the islands derelict. Why cannot we do for the Philippines precisely what we have done for Cuba—namely, announce, by a solemn joint resolution of Congress, that our soldiers will remain in the islands solely for the restoration of tranquillity and order, and that, when those blessings are attained, we will assist the Filipinos to establish an independent government, and will protect it for a term of years against wanton foreign aggression, asking nothing in return for our services except the cession of one or more coaling stations. Has anybody yet given a reason, sound in the forum of morals, why the Filipinos have not deserved as kind and generous treatment at our hands as have the Cubans? Had not the Filipinos suffered as cruelly at the hands of Spain as had the Cubans? Again, as a matter of fact, did not the Filipino rebels offer our army and navy more effective assistance during our war with Spain than we received from the Cuban rebels? What moral right, then, have we to refuse to the Filipinos the boon of liberty, when, according to a joint resolution of Congress, we entered upon the Spanish War with no other purpose but that of conferring that same boon upon the Cubans? Will it be said that we bought the Filipinos with a price; that we paid twenty million dollars for their islands, and, thereby, acquired a right to keep them subjects forever? We made no such assertion when we paid a large sum of money for the Louisiana Territory, and, again, for the great tract acquired from Mexico in 1848. We never then pretended that we had bought the inhabitants of those regions at so much a head, and had thereby acquired the right to hold them, not as citizens present or prospective, but as subjects forever. Besides, as regards the twenty million dollars paid to Spain for the Philippines, everybody knows that an independent Filipino Government would gladly assign to us the revenues of the Manila custom-house for a term of years, until the sum should be repaid. The sum, after all, is a bagatelle compared with the hundreds of millions of dollars which the war, professedly undertaken for the liberation of Cuba, cost us.

THE ISSUES OF THE CAMPAIGN

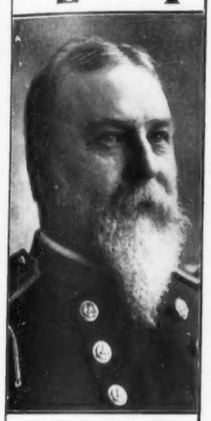
ALTHOUGH, at the hour when we write, Mr. Bryan has not received the formal tender of the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, he has thrown some light upon the issues which, in his opinion, will be conspicuous in the canvass. He evidently believes that the contest will turn mainly upon the issue of Imperialism, that is to say, upon the question whether the Constitution follows the flag; whether our country is to be made up partly of citizens and partly of subjects, and whether our Executive is to be part President and part Emperor. Whether the Constitution follows the flag is a question primarily to be decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. If it be answered in the negative by that tribunal, the Anti-Imperialists have no resource open to them but to secure an amendment of the Constitution favorable to their views, which, probably, would be found impracticable. It is certain that our Federal Commonwealth, from the beginning, has included subjects as well as citizens; we refer, of course, to the Indians, who have been, and are now, governed by laws which they have no share in making. Undoubtedly, they answer the definition of the term of subjects. Then, again, it would be a quibble to apply any other term but subjects to the inhabitants of New Mexico, who were annexed by the Treaty of Guadalouupe Hidalgo in 1848, but who, not once in fifty-two years, have had a vote in Congress which makes the laws by which they are controlled. The same thing may be said of Arizona. There is this difference, however, between an Indian and the white or black inhabitant of one of the two Territories just named. The latter, if he remove to one of the States, cannot be debarred from the exercise of the suffrage. We understand that this is not true of a Filipino, or even of a Porto Rican under the interpretation of their political status which is favored by the controlling element of the Republican party. That is to say, if a Porto Rican should emigrate to the United States and desire to become a citizen, he could do so only by complying, like any other foreigner, with the naturalization laws. It is by no means certain that even that privilege would be conceded to a Filipino. The inflow of any large number of Filipinos, whose willingness to labor for low wages is notorious, would, doubtless, prove as unwelcome as the inflow of Chinese. The truth is that the case of the Philippines differs fundamentally from that of New Mexico and Arizona. It is true that we have deferred the admission of the two Territories just named to Statehood for more than half a century, but we have never disclaimed an intention of admitting them ultimately, so soon as the Greaser or half-breed element shall have became relatively weak. With regard to the Philippines, on the other hand, those Republicans who have the courage of their convictions acknowledge that the Filipinos never will be qualified to act as citizens of the United States, and that, even should they become so, we could not admit them to citizenship without deranging labor conditions. Here, then, is a proposal to give the Republic from eight to ten million subjects, who are to remain subjects forever, with no hope of improving their political condition, and who, owing to their large and increasing numbers, cannot be kept under control without the employment of a great standing army. It is this aspect of the problem upon which the Anti-Imperialists lay most stress, and which must seem serious to all who recall the causes of the downfall of the Roman Republic. To maintain in subjection a few scores of thousands of Indians and half-breeds west of the Mississippi required no material increase of our regular army, and, therefore, imposed no strain upon our political institutions. There is a portentous practical difference between the microscopic form of Imperialism exemplified in our treatment of the Indians generally and of the half-breeds in New Mexico and Arizona on the one hand, and the Imperialism carried out on the great scale which, it is acknowledged, will be requisite in the Philippines. It is, in truth, absurd to suppose that the objection to Imperialism has been answered when you have proved that the existence of subjects, distinguished from citizens, has always been recognized as a matter of principle in this country. So far as the safety of our national institutions is concerned, it is not a question of principle, but a question of scale. Rome's liberties were in no danger so long as she held in subjection only a few thinly-peopled Italian communities to which she had conceded neither full civil privileges nor the qualified form of citizenship known as the Latin right. To keep them orderly and tranquil required no large permanent military force. When, however, the category of subject populations came to include millions upon millions, and, ultimately, the whole of the Mediterranean world, a huge standing army became indispensable. That is to say, Imperialism, when taken in homeopathic doses, is comparatively harmless to the body politic. It is only when applied on a large scale that it entails, inevitably, militarism, with all the mischiefs and risks incident thereto. That is what Mr. Bryan and such Anti-Imperialists as Senator Hoar mean when they assert that Imperialism is a question of scale rather than of principle, and they exemplify the distinction by pointing out the difference in respect of magnitude between Porto Rico and the Philippines. The retention of Porto Rico, a small island which is permanently, so to speak, under the guns of our navy, would not require any enlargement of our standing army. It is evident, on the other hand, that the ultimate subjugation and permanent retention of the island of Luzon alone would require the addition of more than fifty thousand men to our permanent military force, and a further increase would be needed, should we ever undertake the reduction of Mindanao.

GERMANY'S DEMANDS ON CHINA

EVEN IF the other foreign Ministers at Pekin shall have shared Baron von Ketteler's fate, it does not follow that all the other treaty powers will go as far as Germany apparently intends to go in the way of reprisals. So far as the purposes of the Emperor William II. may be deduced from his public declarations, or from the assertions made in Berlin newspapers believed to speak with authority, they comprise demands for the payment of a large sum of money to the family of the murdered envoy, the execution of all persons directly or indirectly implicated in the assassination, and the cession of a large tract of territory as an indemnity to the German nation for the insult to its flag. It is also understood that the German Emperor will insist that adequate precautions shall be taken against a repetition of the crime. Only in two of these demands is it absolutely certain that other foreign nations will concur. Nobody denies that the murderers of Baron von Ketteler should be punished, or that ample pecuniary reparation should be made for the failure to protect him. An offer to do both of these things will undoubtedly be made by whatever government shall be ultimately recognized at Pekin, whether the Empress Dowager shall manage to reassert her authority, or whether she is succeeded by a victorious rebel. On the other hand, no government could, without forfeiting the hope of retaining the support of the Chinese, accept the principle that Germany's right to exact reparation includes the right to dismember China's territory. When Italians are lynched in New Orleans, we endeavor to bring the murderers to justice and we offer Italy a pecuniary indemnity. We should regard as preposterous a demand for the cession of a part of our national domain. So, too, if the Paris Communists in the spring of 1871 had killed the envoy of a foreign power, that power would have been satisfied with the punishment of the criminals and with the payment of a sum of money. It would have been deemed absurd to say that France, already mutilated by Germany, must make a further sacrifice of territory to the third power whose representatives had been put to death by rebels. These examples indicate how little likelihood there is that Germany's demand for a territorial indemnity will be sanctioned by such powers as the United States, Great Britain and Japan, which desire to uphold China's territorial integrity as the best safeguard of the "open door." It is, of course, quite possible that Russia and France might be disposed to sustain the position taken by Germany, as they did at the time of the seizure of Kiao-Chou, being secretly glad of any pretext for the further mutilation of China. They would be unable, however, to carry out such a design in the teeth of a firm protest uttered by England, Japan and the United States, which powers, between them, possess an overwhelming naval prepondérance in the Pacific. We believe that such a protest will be made by the three powers last named, which now recognize how gravely their interests were impaired when they omitted to interpose at the time of the occupation of Kiao-Chou by Germany and of Port Arthur by Russia. Another matter in regard to which foreign powers are likely to differ is the nature of the precautions to be taken for the future safety of legations in the Chinese capital. Can the present Manchu dynasty be trusted not to commit a third breach of the law of nations? This, it will be remembered, is the second time that the dynasty has failed to respect the inviolability of envoys. There are those who hold that this question should be answered in the negative, and that the Manchu family now reigning should be superseded by a native Chinese dynasty—that of the Ming, for instance—which was dethroned in the seventeenth century, and of which descendants may still be found. For such a substitution there is a good deal to be said, but it would be likely to involve a long civil war, inasmuch as the high military commands and many of the important administrative posts are in the hands of Manchus. Even if the present Manchu dynasty is to continue to reign, the question arises whether it should be suffered to remain in Pekin, which, as experience has shown, can be reached only with extreme difficulty by an expedition from the coast. Ought not the treaty powers to insist upon a transfer of the capital to some such city as Nankin, near the sea or near the Yang-tse-Kiang, and thus easily accessible? Here, again, we are likely to witness a sharp divergence of opinion, for those who honestly desire to strengthen the hold of the Chinese government upon its subjects will acknowledge that it ought not to be visibly under foreign control.

THE ALLIED FLEET IN CHINESE WATERS

By REAR-ADMIRAL PHILIP HICHBORN, Chief Constructor United States Navy



PHILIP HICHBORN

THERE is now assembled in Chinese waters the greatest aggregation of naval force, excepting the naval parade at the Queen's Jubilee, that the world has ever seen, and a comparison of the elements which compose this force will doubtless prove interesting. The most powerful of these is the British fleet, which includes two first-class battleships, the *Centurion* and *Barfleur*, sister ships of 10,500 tons, having a speed of 18 1-2 knots per hour. The *Goliath*, which sailed from Gibraltar June 12, will soon join them. The latter is of 12,950 tons and has a rated speed of 18 1-4 knots per hour. The armored cruisers *Aurora*, *Undaunted* and *Orlando*, of 5,600 tons and a speed of 18 knots per hour; the first-class protected cruiser *Terrible*, of 14,200 tons displacement and speed of 22 2-5 knots per hour, with a coal capacity of 3,000 tons, giving her a large radius of action; the *Argonaut*, of 11,000 tons displacement and a speed of 20 3-4 knots per hour, and the *Endymion*, of 7,350 tons, with a speed of 20 1-2 knots per hour; the second-class protected cruisers *Bonaventure* and *Hermione*, of 4,360 tons, with a speed of 19 1-2 knots; the *Dido* and *Isis*, of 5,600 tons, with 20 knots speed, and the *Iphigenia* and *Pique*, of 3,600 tons, with 19 3-4 knots speed. All of these larger ships, with the exception of the *Goliath* and *Endymion*, are sheathed with wood and coppered and therefore capable of much better service than unsheathed ships of their class. For smaller vessels the British have the third-class cruiser *Brisk*, the sloops *Daphne*, *Algerine*, *Phœnix* and *Rosario*; the gunboats *Swift*, *Rattler*, *Linnet*, *Plover*, *Pigmy*, *Redpole*, *Penguin*, *Firebrand*, *Esk* and *Tweed*; the *Wyvern*, an armored coast defence vessel; the torpedo-boat destroyers *Handy*, *Hart*, *Otter*, *Fame*, *Janus* and *Whiting*; six torpedo boats; the despatch vessel *Alacrity*, and six special service vessels. This, it will be seen, constitutes a fleet of fifty ships, fifteen of which are above 3,600 tons displacement and eight of them armored.

JAPAN'S NAVAL STRENGTH

The Russian and Japanese fleets are nearly evenly matched, but proximity to its base gives the latter nation considerable superiority. Its entire navy list may be reckoned, and this includes the *Asahi*, *Shikishima* and *Fuji*, three of the most powerful of modern battleships, of 15,200, 14,850 and 12,320 tons respectively; the armored cruisers *Asama* and *Tokiwa*, sister ships of 9,750 tons, and the *Chin-Yen* and *Ping-Yuen-Go*, two of the most powerful ships in the late Chinese navy, which were captured by Japan during her late war with China. This does not include three first-class battleships and the same number of first-class armored cruisers which are still unfinished in European shipyards, nor several obsolete armored ships. Besides these the Japanese have a fleet of twenty-nine cruisers and gunboats, not counting unfinished or obsolete ships, ranging in displacement from 4,277 tons to 650 tons, giving them an effective force of seven armored and twenty-nine unarmored ships.

The Russian fleet includes seven armored ships and forty-one cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats and transports. The *Petropavloosk* of 10,960 tons, the *Navarin* of 10,206 tons, the *Rossia* of 12,130 tons, the *Rurik* of 10,923 tons, the *Lisoi Veliky* of 8,880 tons, the *Vladimir Monomach* of 6,061 tons, and the *Dmitri Donskoi* of 5,882 tons are the armored ships, the two latter being sheathed and coppered. Besides these they have two armored gunboats, three cruisers, five gunboats, two torpedo-boat destroyers, and twenty-two torpedo boats, ten of the latter being small and for harbor-defence only. They have, also, five transports and two ice-breakers.

UNITED STATES WARSHIPS ON THE SCENE

Our own fleet ranks next, and includes the *Oregon*, *Brooklyn*, *Monterey*, *Newark*, *Yorktown*, *Nashville*, *Castine*, *Princeton*, *Don Juan de Austria*, *Monocacy*, *Solace*, *Iris* and *Zafiro*. Besides these we have in Philippine waters, the *Baltimore*, *Bennington*, *Concord*, *Helena*, *Marietta*, *Wheeling*, *Monadnock*, *New Orleans*, *Petrel*, *Isla de Cuba*, *Isla de Luzon*, and sixteen gunboats and supply ships. Of those in Chinese waters the most important are the *Oregon* and *Brooklyn*. They are almost too well known to our public to need description, but a few facts about them may be restated. Perhaps no more powerful fighting exists than the *Oregon*, though her 10,300 tons seems small compared with the 15,000 tons displacement of more recent battleships. With her four 13-inch, eight 8-inch and four 6-inch guns, well protected, and eighteen inches of solid armor over the water-line, her offensive and defensive powers are unsurpassed. Her recent grounding did little injury, and she is now in dock at Kure receiving temporary repairs which will make her thoroughly serviceable. The *Brooklyn*, Admiral Schley's flagship at Santiago, is an armored cruiser of 9,251 tons displacement and 18,769 indicated horse-power, giving her a speed of 21 9-10 knots per hour. She carries eight 8-inch guns in four turrets and twelve 5-inch rapid-fire guns in broadside, besides twenty smaller machine guns. The *Monterey* is the latest finished of our monitors, of 4,084 tons, carrying two 12-inch and two 10-inch guns in turrets and thirteen machine guns from 6-pounders down. The *Newark* is a protected cruiser of 4,098 tons, the *Yorktown*, *Nashville*, *Castine*, *Princeton* and *Don Juan de Austria*, the latter captured at the battle of Manila, are small cruisers or gunboats ranging in displacement from 1,000 to 1,700 tons. The *Monocacy* is a side-wheel steamer, suitable only for river service; the *Solace* is a hospital ship, and the *Iris* and *Zafiro* are supply ships.

THE FLEETS OF FRANCE AND GERMANY

The French have the armored cruiser *Amiral Charner*, of 4,792 tons, en route, and the cruisers *D'Entrecasteaux* of 8,114 tons, *Jean Bart* of 4,109 tons, *Descartes* of 3,990 tons, *Pascal* of 4,015 tons, *Eclaireur* of 1,769 tons, and *Vauban* of 6,208 tons on the station, with the cruisers *Guichen* of 3,277 tons and *Friant* of 3,739 tons en route. They have, also, four gunboats and one transport.

Germany has the cruiser *Kaiserin Augusta* of 6,331 tons, the *Irene* of 4,440 tons, the *Hertha* of 5,650 tons, the *Hansa* of 5,900 tons, and the *Gefion* of 4,027 tons, all of these but the *Hertha* being sheathed and coppered; while the first-class sheathed armored cruiser *Furst Bismarck* of 10,650 tons is en route. They have, also, three gunboats.

The other vessels on the station are the Austrian *Zenta*, a torpedo cruiser of 2,250 tons; the Italian cruisers *Elba* and *Calabria* of 2,730 tons and 2,442 tons respectively, and the Portuguese gunboat *Zaire* of 580 tons.

THE TOTAL ALLIED NAVAL STRENGTH

It will be seen from these figures that there are now in Chinese waters or en route, not counting our fleet in the Philippines, one hundred and seventy-four ships of war, many of them the most powerful modern ships, divided as to nationalities as follows:

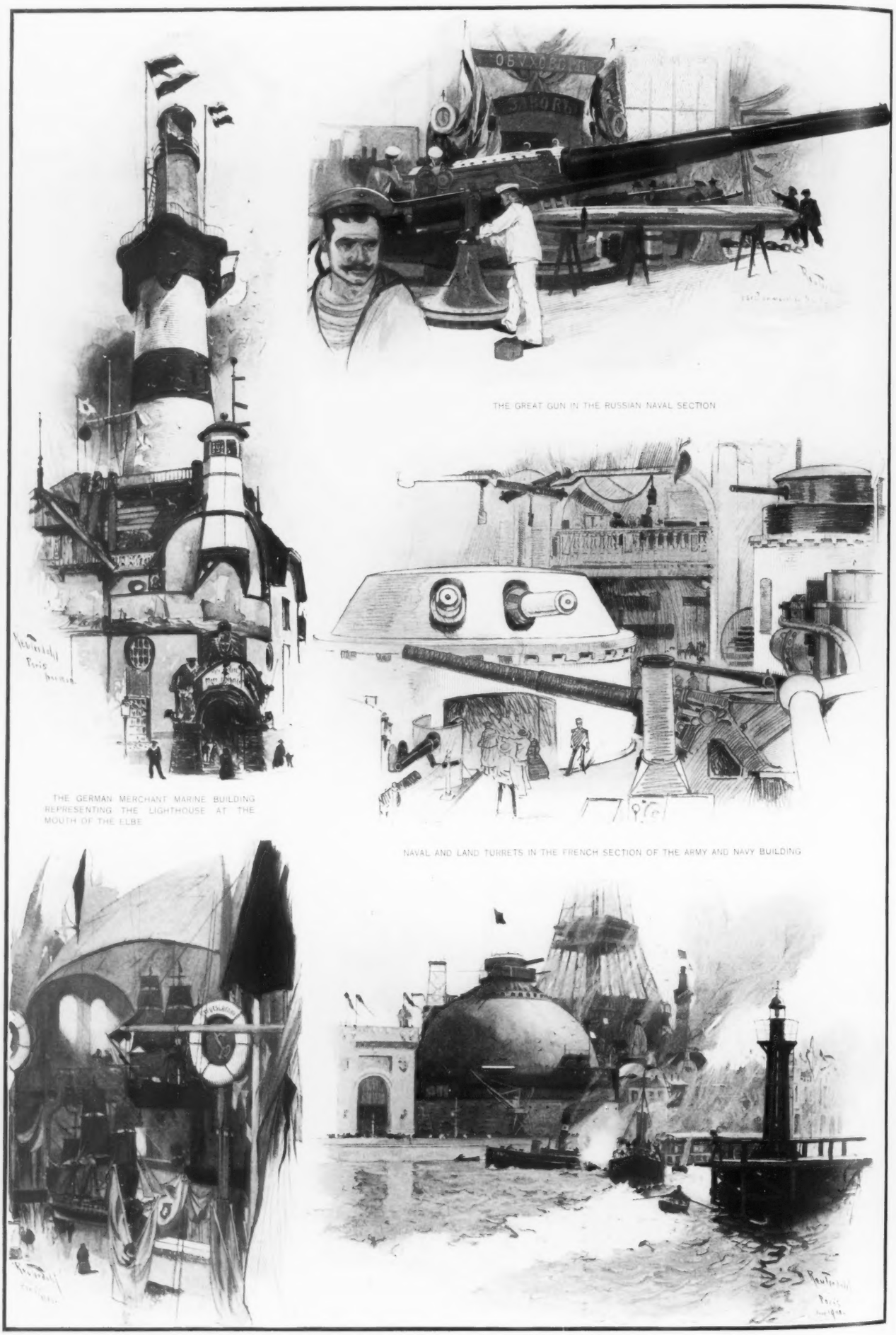
Nation	*Armored Ships*	*Unarmored Cruisers, Gunboats, Torpedo Boats and Transports*
Great Britain	8	42
Japan	7	29
Russia	7	41
United States	3	10
France	1	13
Germany	1	8
Austria, Italy and Portugal	—	4

No such naval force was ever before brought together in foreign waters.

CHINA'S OPPOSING NAVY

The Chinese navy of to-day does not include any armored vessels, all of their former ships of this class having been destroyed or captured during the Chino-Japanese War. The two most important ships in the list are the *Hai-Tien* and *Hai-Chi*, launched in England in 1897 and 1898 respectively. They are sister ships of 4,300 tons, designed for extreme high speed, being rated at 24 knots, with 17,000 horse-power, but having a very limited radius of action. The two 8-inch guns are protected by six inches of armor and they have a 5-inch armored deck. Their remaining battery consists of ten 4.7-inch guns, twelve 3-pounders and five above-water torpedo tubes. Next to these come the *Hai-Shew*, *Hai-Yang* and *Hai-Shen*, launched in Germany in 1897 and 1898, cruisers of 2,950 tons displacement, with a rated speed of 20 7-10 knots per hour. They are fitted with a 3-inch armored deck and 2-inch gun shields. The battery consists of three 6-inch, eight 4-inch guns and six machine guns, and three submerged torpedo tubes. Besides these five ships the only vessel they have built since the war with Japan is the *Hai-Ying* of 2,200 tons and 2,400 horse-power, carrying two 8-inch and eight 4.7-inch guns and one torpedo tube, an enormous battery for her size. She was launched in England in 1895. China's older ships include eight small cruisers and one torpedo gunboat, ranging

THE "HAI-TIEN," THE MOST POWERFUL CRUISER IN THE CHINESE NAVY



THE GREAT GUN IN THE RUSSIAN NAVAL SECTION

THE GERMAN MERCHANT MARINE BUILDING REPRESENTING THE LIGHTHOUSE AT THE MOUTH OF THE ELBE

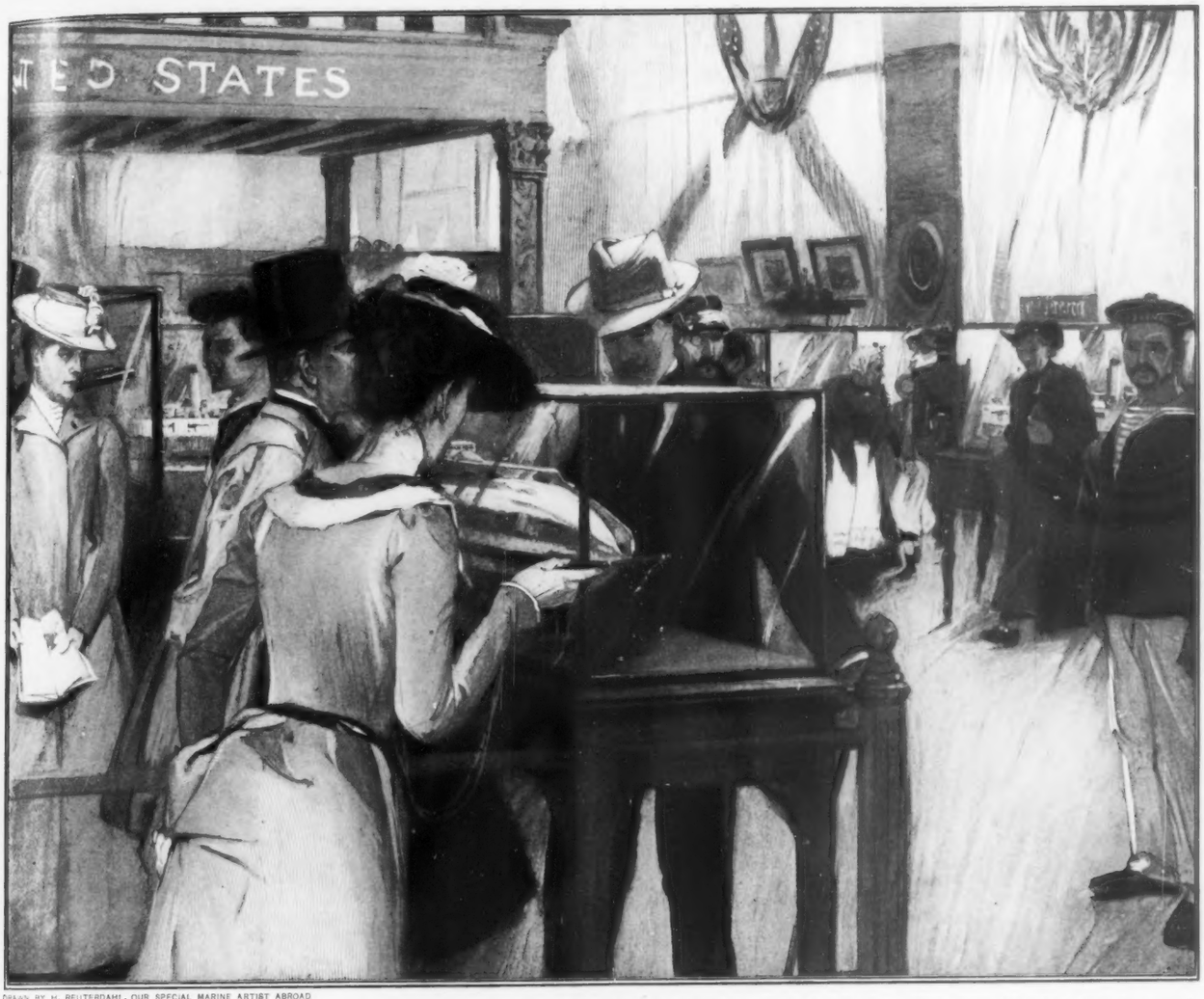
NAVAL AND LAND TURRETS IN THE FRENCH SECTION OF THE ARMY AND NAVY BUILDING

GERMAN EXHIBITION OF MERCHANT MARINE

THE CREUSOT BUILDING, CONSTRUCTED IN SHAPE OF A FORT

THE MARINE DISPLAY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

FROM SKETCHES MADE BY HENRY REUTERDAHL, OUR SPECIAL MARINE ARTIST ABROAD



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL, OUR SPECIAL MARINE ARTIST ABROAD

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR—Visitors examining the model of the submarine boat "Holland," in the foreground

in size from 1,000 to 2,500 tons, and in date of construction from 1882 to 1894. Two torpedo gunboats of high speed are under construction at Foochow.

IN CASE OF ATTEMPTED PARTITION—

It will be seen from the above that for any sea fighting China is insignificant and that its entire fleet is less than the available force of any one of the great Powers now in Chinese waters. Three of these Powers—the United States, England and Japan—are on record as opposing the dismemberment of China. The combined fleets of these three will include eighteen armored ships and eighty-one cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats and transports. The united force of all other nations would comprise nine armored ships and sixty-six cruisers, gunboats, torpedo boats and transports. The force that is pledged to the maintenance of the integrity of China is practically double that of all possible opposition, and international peace seems likely to be maintained—a new and powerful illustration of the wisdom of the saying that peace is preserved by readiness for war.

THE ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT

THE ASSASSINATION of King Humbert of Italy by an anarchist, on Sunday, July 30, came as a great shock to the entire world. He was by far the most popular ruler of his time, and was so gracious and gentle in his daily life that his assassin could not have chosen, among the sovereigns of Europe, one who would better illustrate his declaration that he was not killing an oppressor, but simply putting into practice his "anarchist principles."

King Humbert, although warned daily, would not consent to live as if he feared for his own safety. For years he rode through the streets of Rome, or Naples, or Milan unattended, and unguarded by open or secret means. He was a soldier, like his father, the companion-in arms of Garibaldi, and he came of the House of Savoy, which, it is said, has never given birth to a coward or one who knew what fear was. Once, when warned of his danger, after the assassination of Empress Elizabeth, he said: "I, too, must take my chance. It is part of the trade of a king."

He took his last chance when, unguarded, he walked out of the hall at Monza toward his carriage, late in the evening, a conspicuous figure and target for an assassin's aim.

Humbert was the eldest son of Victor Emmanuel II., and was born at Torino, March 14, 1844. He was of a daring nature and excelled in athletic feats; but from his earliest youth he began to make himself familiar with the heavy duties and responsibilities of a king. When he was twenty-two years old he was called upon to take part in the war with Austria, Italy assuming, for the first time, her position as an ally of Prussia against her ancient enemy, the "tyrant of Venice." He was appointed a lieutenant-general and placed in command of a division of General Cialdini's army. His bravery and ability were displayed in several actions, particularly in the disastrous battle of Custozza, in which the Austrians defeated the Italian army and carried the town by storm, taking 2,000 prisoners. On this occasion the Crown Prince narrowly escaped death, as he exposed himself with the greatest recklessness, in trying to stem the retreat of his forces.

He married, April 22, 1868, the Princess Margherita, daughter of the late Duke of Genoa, and a member of the House of Savoy. Margherita became at once as great a favorite in Italy as Elizabeth was in Austria, and was distinguished for her beauty and tenderness of disposition. Only one child, the Victor Emmanuel who has just taken the throne, was the result of this union.

When Humbert ascended the throne, January 9, 1878, at the age of thirty-three, he took the title of Umberto I., instead of Umberto IV., as he had a right to do, and as his father had done in his own case, assuming the title of Victor Emmanuel II. Humbert wanted the distinction of being the first Umberto of Italy. When he took the reigns of government in his own hands, he issued a proclamation which contained the words, dear to the Italians of the day: "To deserve the love of my people shall be my sole ambition."

The exceeding popularity of King Humbert with his own people and with the army did not protect him from attempted assassination. In the autumn of the year in which he was crowned an attempt was made on his life. He was visiting Naples, and was driving through the streets with Queen Margherita in an open carriage, when a man who was carrying a banner suddenly lowered it and thrust it toward the King. At the end of the staff was a dagger concealed by the folds of the flag. Humbert received a slight wound in the arm, but drew his sword and struck his assailant to the ground. The latter arose and made another attempt to kill the King, but was frustrated, and arrested. His name was Passanante, and the King thought that he was crazy and pardoned him.

The story of the successful attempt upon Humbert's life has already gone to every corner of the world. The assassin is known to be an Italian anarchist, named Gaetano Bresci, resident in this country for the last five years, and who lived at West Hoboken, N. J., although when arrested he gave the name of "Angelo," which is the name of a brother, a captain of artillery in the Italian army. The King had been distributing the prizes at an athletic contest at Monza, where he always spent the summer, and at ten o'clock at night was walking to his carriage to be driven to the palace. Bresci was standing quite close to him, and fired three times, every shot taking effect and one entering the heart. The King fell backward, expiring in a few minutes. Bresci was arrested, and was with great difficulty saved from the fury of the populace.

The last words of Humbert are said to have been: "It is nothing."

His successor, Victor Emmanuel III., was born November 11, 1869, and married, October 24, 1896, Princess Helena, daughter of Nicolas, Prince of Montenegro. He was cruising with his wife in the Levant at the time of his father's assassination.

CHINA

KINGDOMS and empires, for uncounted years,
The flame of slaughterous enmity have lit,
And saturated (ah, the pity of it!)
Earth's meek soil with torrential blood and tears.
Yet long ere now, through storm of snarls and sneers,
Through clash of prides, through hate with vengeance knit,
A shadow, a dream, a phantom exquisite,
The Ideal of Peace, hath urged angelic cheers.

BUT YOU, dull swine of nations, have lolled on,
Turning from progress with contemptuous grin,
Wallower in bigotry's worst mire and reek,
Till clear at last, for myriad eyes to scan,
Blistering the vast Wall round your vile Pekin,
Fate burns the words that blanched Belshazzar's cheek!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

London, July, 1900.

WATCHING FOREIGNERS—Chinese massing on a bridge over the Grand Canal awaiting the approach of European travellers

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TRAVELLING IN CHINA

DIFFICULTIES WHICH WILL BESET THE ALLIED ARMIES IN CONDUCTING MILITARY OPERATIONS AGAINST THE CHINESE

By EMIL S. FISCHER, Late of Shanghai

CHINA HAS BEEN practically undisturbed from the quelling of the Taiping Rebellion of 1864 to the Chinese-Japanese War of 1894-95. Foreigners who had settled in the Flowery Kingdom became more and more accustomed to living among the Chinese masses; they felt themselves safe and unmolested, and were respected. But subsequently the aspect changed. The killing of British missionaries in the Fookien province, the troubles of 1895, which American missionaries encountered in Chengtu, were the first signs of the wide spread of an anti-foreign feeling. The Chinese Government had to make reparations for these atrocities, as well as for those against the German missionaries in Shantung. But there were other disturbances which the feeble Manchu emperor had to face. In 1896 he had to suppress the rebellion in the province of Kansu, which is inhabited by millions of Mohammedans. In 1897 a poor harvest of rice brought dissatisfaction among the populace of central and northern China; a copper cash famine became imminent and made uneasiness among the people. The payment of the war indemnity, which was stipulated in the treaty of peace of Shimonoseki, brought fresh burdens to the Government, which intended to enforce new taxes on the people. But the conservative Chinamen can hardly be approached along this line; the Mandarins had to abandon this idea, otherwise a revolution for the overthrowing of the Manchu dynasty would certainly have taken place before this. While the Emperor of Heaven had to subdue the interior troubles, the Ministers of the Tsung-li-Yamen, the so-called Foreign Office, had to face the political attacks of foreign Governments, whose intention was to get valuable concessions and spheres of influence combined with permission of railroad building and opening of rich mines in China. The people were continuously more aroused; secret societies, with which the history of China is replete, began to grow, and it is safe to say that they usually fostered uprisings. But there is no doubt that the basic sources of the opposition to foreigners arise from the growing hatred against missionaries and converts and from the danger that the coolie classes, numbering millions, apprehend in the new means of communication and transportation by railways which threaten to deprive them of their chief means of income as carriers and runners. This is not to be wondered at, when we consider the interested opposition that met the railroads at their first introduction at the hands of tavern keepers and stage-owners, who saw in the improved locomotion the downfall of their business. The Chinese prefer their slow and primitive way of travel. The method of getting about in China is certainly not an easy task. I can speak from personal experience of the hardships encountered in Chinese overland travel.

FROM SHANGHAI TO THE TEA COUNTRY BY WATER

During my stay of five years in China I made frequent journeys into the interior, and I was compelled to accommodate myself to the Chinese methods of travel. I was asked to visit the well-known Ping Suey Valley, a distance of about two hundred miles from Shanghai, in which region most of the famous green teas of that name are cultivated, much of which is consumed in America. I soon found a convenient Mandarin boat, which took my Chinese teacher, my boy-servant and myself to the imperial city of Hang-Chow with its beautiful views.

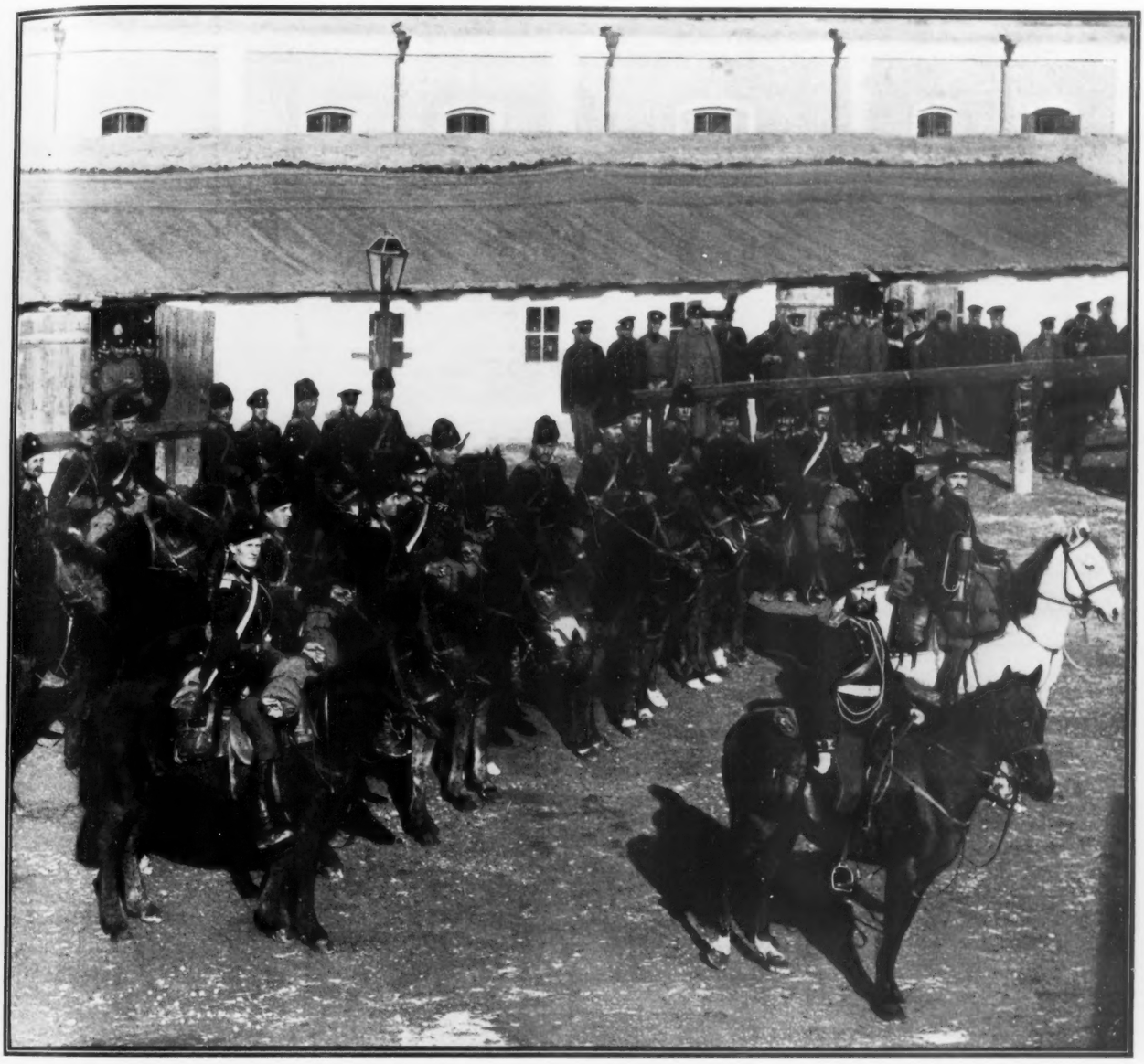
Our journey was fairly agreeable at the start. We made arrangements with a so-called steamboat train. This is a daily-running steam launch, which, since the opening of Hang-Chow as a treaty port in 1897, plies about these waters, towing several Chinese freight and passenger boats. It takes about two days to reach Hang-Chow.

We reached the foreign settlement of Hang-Chow after midnight of the second day of our journey, where we had to wait at the custom-house until our papers were cleared. We immediately afterward started for Hang-Chow City, which is about six hours' travel from the settlement. The tugboat, which could proceed no further, left us there. Our captain was afraid to proceed at night for fear of pirates, but I compelled him to go on and instructed him to wake me up if for any reason the boat should have to be stopped. About 3 A.M. I was informed that we had arrived at one of those primitive canal locks consisting of a mere embankment with a provision for raising a boat by a derrick. The coolies in charge of the station were fast asleep and not inclined to be disturbed by the mere trifle of moving the boat over the lock; but after much persuasion and tipping we succeeded, in the course of two hours, in overcoming this difficulty and reached the gate of Hang-Chow at 5 A.M.

HANG-CHOW AND ITS SOLDIER ROBBERS

The city gate is not opened until sunrise. We therefore anchored in a large basin of the canal in the midst of hundreds of boats, most of which were laden with articles of food intended for the Hang-Chow market. I waited patiently on deck for the opening of the gate, but when at 6.30 we were still on the wrong side of it I began to fire blank cartridges, which finally aroused one of the officials, who appeared on the top of the wall to inquire the cause of the noise. I asked him to hurry and open the gates. Not until some little time afterward were the guards dressed and ready to open the heavy wooden entrance. A very curious sight struck me when we entered the archway of the city gate. About twenty soldiers were loitering there, and kept quite busy robbing every boat of most of its contents as it passed along. Our boat was not molested in any way, and we continued our voyage through the suburbs of Hang-Chow. It took another hour before we completed the first stage of our journey. We came to a stop in a muddy stream. Around us were a great many of the famous flower-boats, where the gayeties of high life begin with sunset and are carried on with all the decorous solemnity of thorough Bowery life. At this hour all the singing girls and Chinese musicians on these boats were fast asleep.

While my boy packed our belongings I went ashore with my Chinese teacher and made arrangements with chair carriers to take us to the very populous city. We also hired a dozen coolies to carry all our baggage to Hsi Hsing, a city opposite the mouth of the Tsien Tang Kiang, about thirty li or ten miles, from Hang-Chow. My teacher and I took the palanquins or chairs, and we began our inspection. We were carried to the western gate of the city, whose ancient walls border the charmingly pretty Western lake. The lake is surrounded by beautiful hills with many temples and pagodas. We left our chairs and took a trip around the lake. On the top of a hill, which we ascended, adjoining an old pagoda, stood a pretty little cottage built in European style—the summer home of the missionaries of the Church of England Mission in Hang-Chow. We returned to town, called at several yamen, the official residences of the Chinese mandarins, and afterward entered the business street of the place.



COSSACKS TO INVADE CHINA—Head of a regiment of the famous Russian Frontier Guards, designated for service in China

with its celebrated silk shops, where the most magnificent products of the Chinese silk industry are to be found.

TO HSI-HSING IN A PIG BOAT

We arrived at the ferry just before the last afternoon boat crossed the mouth of the Tsien Tang Kiang. This capacious boat did not look very clean. It was filled with vegetables and all kinds of foodstuffs, besides general freight, a number of coolies and other passengers. It took about half an hour to reach the southern bank of the stream, from where we proceeded to Hsi-Hsing, a distance of about fifteen li. The coolies carried us to a tea shop, where our boy awaited us with our belongings. I succeeded, after a hunt, in procuring the upper deck of a freight boat, on which we continued our journey. At night I discovered, to my dismay, that my fellow-passengers in the lower deck consisted largely of pigs and geese, who made the night hideous with the noises peculiar to them. We arrived at Shao-Hsing at dawn, and I lost no time in ascending one of the surrounding hills to seek invigoration after the ill effects of the night. I had a splendid view of Shao-Hsing's prominent dwellings, pagodas and temples, most of which were on the banks of creeks. Shao-Hsing is called the "Venice of China," on account of the many creeks and canals which break up the city into numerous islands; but otherwise the place can hardly compare with the beautiful poetic Venice on the Adriatic.

From this place we started with two despatch-boats for Yu-Yao. This kind of boat, also called post-boat, is about nine or ten feet long and about three or four feet wide, tapering to a point at both ends. It is covered with a thatch roof, supposed to serve as a protection for all kinds of weather. The boat is generally manned by one coolie, who propels it by pushing the oar with his foot while holding the steering rudder in his hand. These despatch-boats are specially adapted for travel in shallow waters. The boatman, while using his leg in propelling the boat, prepares the meals and attends to both duties without trouble.

TEA PLANTATIONS, MANDARINS AND OPIUM

We were soon out of the city gate, and drifted down the Tsao Wu-Kiang, which river flows between mountains and beautiful valleys, passing through the famous Ping Suey Valley. I made several trips into the valleys to look at the tea plantations and farms, after which we continued our voyage and reached Tu-Kwan after midnight. The mandarin guard at the city gate objected to our proceeding at night. As my argument with the soldier proved futile, I entered the yamen near by and went straight to a room which I found lighted up. A number of mandarins, mostly high military officials, were in this compartment cosily smoking their opium pipes, while others were playing games. They were rather surprised by the unexpected entrance of a foreigner, but as I addressed them most politely in the Mandarin language, and demanded to be allowed to proceed on my voyage, they granted my wish very courteously, and one of the mandarins himself went to open the gate. We were now on the straight way to Yu-Yao, where we arrived at about 6 A.M. on the sixth day of our journey. We came to the landing-place of the Chinese steamboat, which from this point connects with Ningpo.

My teacher and the boy servant boarded the steamer with our baggage and reached Ningpo in the afternoon. I preferred riding a whole day down the river on a despatch-boat, to which I had accustomed myself, instead of travelling on an ill-smelling vessel, expecting to arrive in Ningpo late in the evening.

I went ahead with my despatch-boat and stopped at a pretty little hill, where I got off, giving the coolies instructions to meet me a little further down stream. The country was very interesting. Rice is cultivated in most of the fields and the hillsides showed pretty tea plantations. About noontime, when I again left the boat to take a look into the valleys, I underrated the distance. I therefore tried to get straight down from the midst of the valley, traversing muddy rice-fields, until I reached the bank of the stream. After a very long and fatiguing walk through these fields I came to the water-front, where, to my great disappointment, I could not find my boat. Calling for my boatman was of no avail, and I was in despair of ever seeing him again, when some fishing floats passed down the river. I attracted their attention. They rowed over and undertook to take me down the river on their most incommodious raft. After more than an hour's ride we passed a large place on the bank of the river, but found no sign of the lost boat. These was no other way I thought to find the boat but to return to the place where I had come from. After several hours' sailing up stream I was finally rewarded in finding the boat, carrying my coat as a flag. The coolie, when questioned, explained that when he did not find me he rowed back and quietly waited at the place where I had left him.

The day soon darkened. I dreaded to sleep on the floor of the boat, and therefore helped the coolie row the boat with an extra oar. About 4 A.M. we approached Ningpo. It was not easy to steer clear of the many junks and other vessels, without lights, anchored in the harbor, but we succeeded in this and finally arrived at the landing-place of the foreign settlement, from where, after I had taken a good rest, I returned by coast steamer to Shanghai.

HORRIBLE CHINESE ROADS DEFEATED SEYMOUR

There is probably no country in the world which has paid so little attention to the building of roads and means of communication as the Chinese Empire. Roads as they exist are merely customary tracks from one village to another, not drained and in the crudest imaginable condition. The British commander, Admiral Seymour, with two thousand allied troops could not reach Pekin, a distance of less than one hundred miles from Tien-Tsin. His advance was continuously checked on account of the inland communications. But, besides, the allies had to fight foes of Chinese villagers all the time and opposing masses of coolies, now called Boxers, while they marched the terrible Cart Road to Pekin. To put this populace to flight would not have been difficult, as they were armed only with bamboo canes and agricultural implements. The strong resistance which they encountered came from the Madarin soldiers stationed in different camps and at customs barriers. It was rather startling to find these soldiers equipped with modern weapons. Strange to say, it was now found that the Chinese army had changed their tactics of fighting with spears and lances; they were armed with newest patterns of Mauser rifles and quick-firing guns, and the banner troops and provincial soldiers showed greater bravery than they did during the Japanese war. The great contingent of foreign troops which is at present gathering to advance on Pekin will, no doubt, vigorously defeat any number of armed opponents. The great strategical difficulty was the taking of the Taku forts at the mouth of the Peiho and the quelling of Tien-tsin, a city with about a million inhabitants, strongly protected by newly constructed arsenals and an army of Chinese soldiers drilled by foreigners. The defences of Pekin—with an estimated population of about six hundred thousand—are less vigorous. The allies will only be faced by the Pekin police force of about twenty thousand men and three to four thousand guards belonging to the Imperial

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 19)

THE GREAT FAMINE IN INDIA

By GILSON WILLETS, Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

That the monsoon has broken and that rain is falling throughout the stricken district of India does not mean that the famine is at an end.

The cause of the famine was lack of rain. The present fall is the first that country has known in twenty-four months, with the exception of the one-hour's rain which fell on the twentieth of July last year. Hence rain must now fall for many weeks, before the parched surface will become softened to a sufficient depth to assure the raising of a crop. Moreover, millions of head of cattle, ninety-five per cent of all the cattle, indeed, have died, for want of fodder; and farmers are tied hand and foot till Government supplies new live-stock to replace the old, whose bones lie scattered over the whole country.

Therefore, desperate distress still exists. Utter desolation is still the lot of millions. If the Government were now to withdraw its aid, shut up the relief works and poor-houses, seven million homeless, helpless people would be in imminent danger of starving to death. Moreover, since the rain has come, scores of thousands who have been saved from death by starvation are threatened with death by exposure. Blankets and clothing are scarce; only one person in every thousand possessing more than a loin cloth. Hence the accompanying article gives not only the famine conditions as they existed when the last mail-steamer left Bombay, but presents a word picture of the actual state of affairs in the stricken district to-day—a picture which will be true of famine life in India throughout the remaining months of this year, if not longer. China is furnishing news of the greatest series of atrocities of the century; but the news of the greatest tragedy of all history comes from India. For never since the world began have ten million people, at one time, been absolutely without a crumb of their own to eat.

BOMBAY, JUNE 28

THE HIDEOUS figure of famine stood on India's very door-sill. I had just stepped out of the pen called the Custom House, into the Apollo Bunder, the Battery Park of Bombay—and there stood a young mother and her babe, the child resting a-straddle on her thigh-bone. They typified the foodless year. They might have been the originals of the pictures I had seen in the papers before leaving New York. They had become skeletons while yet alive. They might have risen from the grave. Brown skin covered their bones, like leather stretched over a frame. The young woman's shoulder-blade had burst through the skin. A tall young man joined her. He slapped his sunken, basin-like stomach with one hand and, with the other, smote his brow. The woman pointed to the brown naked mite on her thigh-bone. They implored in weak, far-away voices, "Salam, Sahib, Lord of the poor, our father and our mother! Give us food, and God will bless you with children." Thus the custom-house officer translated their supplications. "This is famine in its mildest form," said he. "Wait till you go up-country."

PICKING CRUMBS FROM PLENTY

The streets of Bombay reeked with similar displays, while over the gorged market building the British flag floated gayly. In the bazaar in the native quarter, the fat bunniahs (grain dealers) squatted in front of their bursting cribs. Two little boys, quite nude, all bone, the elder leading his tottering brother, dropped in front of a crib from sheer exhaustion. The fat bunniah squinted at them, then settled into a more luxuriant position. The younger boy's chest heaved up and down rapidly, his mouth flew wide open, he rolled on his side, his limbs stiffened—one more victim. His brother looked on stupidly, in immensity of wonderment; suddenly he sprang to his feet and ran fast. That's all there is in the death and the funeral of a brother in India, just now. An ox-cart pulled away from one of the cribs, loaded with rice. Some of it escaped from the bags and trickled to the ground. Two skeleton boys followed the cart on their hands and knees, carefully picking each particular grain out of the dust of the roadway. They would thus gather a handful, enough to keep life in their emaciated bodies while they followed other ox-carts on the morrow.

When driving home at night, my gari-walla (coachman) had to hire a coolie to walk in front of the horse in the narrower streets and move sleepers out of the roadway—famine victims whose only bed was the pavement. And in the European quarter they lay on the sidewalks, in rows, hundreds of them, silent as death. Yet the city is not supposed to contain any sign of famine. Government provides a relief camp at Thana, twenty-five miles away, where the starving can get work and food. They carry the victims there, daily, in cattle cars, a train-load at a time. But thousands escape and wander back to the city, supposing that where tables groan crumbs may be thrown to them without having first to do a day's work. And these were the people who wandered about the city by day and turned the streets at night into bedchambers.

TEN MILLION EMPTY MOUTHS!

At headquarters, where scores of "clarks" keep the books of the famine, one discovers its bigness. The breadless area covers 350,000 square miles, one-third of all India, big as all our New England, Middle and Southern States. In this area are 50,000,000 people, one-sixth the entire population of India, a number equal to our whole, well-fed family east of the Mississippi. Ten millions are entirely destitute, and of these Government is taking care of 6,500,000 on relief works and in poor-houses. It is as if every man, woman and child in New York State depended upon the McKinley Administration for food—and got it. As for the mortality—more famine deaths daily than the total American losses in the Spanish-American War; more deaths weekly than the Boer and British losses to date in their present war; and a grand total of famine deaths, since January 1, equal to twice the figure at which is placed the losses on both sides, from all causes, in the War of the Rebellion. In actual figures, the death list amounts to more than 3,000 daily, 100,000 each month, 700,000 this year.

Up-country crawled the train, passengers so few that each of us had a carriage to himself. Twenty-five miles from Bombay vegetation grew sparse. Fifty miles up, vegetation ceased. Eyes searched the miles vainly for a single green speck. We had passed even the last cactus. Blasts of hot air, as from millions of furnaces, almost suffocated us; and yet the trees of the "jackal jungle" bordering the farms were shorn of leaves, as in a Canadian winter. Jackals could be seen prowling, trying to hide behind tree-trunks, and we shuddered at the thought of their "daily bread." Human skulls and bones dotting the sun-baked fields told awful stories.

A DEAD COUNTRY DRAPED IN DUST

One hundred miles up, the train crawled into Gujarat, once the Garden, now the Sahara, of India. The whole world, level as a prairie, barren as desert, was dust-colored. The only thing of another color was the train. Even the naked trees were coated with the dust of the desert. The train zig-zagged in and out between farms and deserted villages, where there was no living thing anywhere, not even a jackal. Yes, a few scampering monkeys seemed to find fun keeping pace with the train. Huge, almost ape-size, they were, and dust-colored too.

Rivers, streams, lakes, pools had disappeared, leaving beds, like the fields, parched wastes of earth. Water, except in the few remaining wells, had vanished from the earth's surface. We were journeying through a depopulated Hades. Were all the absent ones at work in the relief camps? After all, besides the monkeys, we did occasionally see a stray brown man, or a stray brown group of families, trudging, probably bound for a relief camp, where they would arrive too late, so weak, so wasted, that the first stomachful of curry would be like a mortal wound. At stations nearest these camps the train paused for water, which was brought by gaunt, half-dead coolies in buckets from the nearest cholera-infected well. At one of these stops, a monkey jumped through the window into my carriage. At the moment I was making good use of a box of soda biscuit. The monkey seized his opportunity and my day's rations, and, with a triumphant scream, made his exit.

THE BLACK DEATH AT GODHRA

I stopped overnight at Godhra, where cholera was mowing people down as in battle. The collector, the only white man in the district, met me at the station. To his bungalow, two miles from the station, we rode in his smart tonga drawn by crack ponies. A sepoy, his bare feet in the stirrups, acted as outrider, and two coolies trotted beside the tonga. His bungalow stood in the desert outside the village, amid vast silence. Out there, starving people were suffering in ominous silence. We ourselves sat down to a dinner for epicures, served with all the adjuncts of a London sideboard. The collector's wife was there, with pinched face, a lily parched, shrivelling in the furnace air. In their compound was a big tree, the only tree for miles around that boasted of leaves. It was the one green thing in the world for the brave little woman, and it helped to keep her eye bright. But the leaves were coveted by the neighboring cowherds. Here were leaves enough to keep life in several head of cattle till Government would buy them. Under this tree nightly, therefore, the collector posted his sepoy. That night I slept in a tent, a guest chamber, luxuriously furnished and cooler than any room in the bungalow. The tent was under the coveted tree. At midnight, the sepoy gave the alarm, and whack! whack! the cowherds were attacking the tree with axes. Lanterns were brought, and the young collector came out in his pajamas and talked to the enemy in their own Gujarati, gave them written orders on the local bunniah for grain, and then we all went to sleep again. "Have to go through that little comedy every seventh night," said my host next morning. "Anything to keep that tree—for her."

A HUGE RELIEF CAMP

Two hundred miles and two days from Bombay the train wriggled into the big station at Ahmedabad, the City in the Heart of the Desert. Ordinary population, 100,000; famine population, 130,000—the hundred thousand living in stone houses, normally, and the thirty thousand in straw tents on the relief works outside the city walls. These were the people I had come to see. This camp was the Mecca for all famine victims within a radius of thirty miles. None within that area need starve. All were welcome. Here they could earn two annas (four cents) a day, which would buy grain enough to sustain life. The camp was divided into three sections: in the first, 20,000 people were digging a reservoir half as big as Central Park; in the second, 7,000 were building a narrow-gauge railroad; in the third, 3,000 were breaking stone for roadbed. Two-thirds of the workers were women. On the tank works the men dug the colossal pit, the women carried away the sand in baskets on their heads. The great reservoir was for the reserve storage of water, thus providing against the recurrence of famine in the future. In the stone-breaking section both men and women broke stone, but women only were the burden-bearers, carrying away the broken stone in baskets on their heads, each tottering under her load for a distance of from one to two miles, till she came to the pile to which she must add her share, day by day. Among the stone-breakers were nursing mothers, old crones, young girls. One mother broke stone with one hand while with the other she held an infant on her lap. The little one sought her breast, but sunk, unrewarded, into sleep. Death claimed the child even while I looked on, and the native in charge of the gang of thirty to which the mother belonged came and took the little body away. She followed it a while with animal eyes, then, after pulling her torn saree closer about her face, resumed her task, grasping the hammer now with both hands.

THE WHITE MAN'S AUTHORITY

At night, the stone-breaking section had no tents of straw matting to sleep under. They huddled together, unsheltered, on the hot sand, which, as there was no dew, did not cool during the night. The 27,000 workers in the other two sections, however, enjoyed the luxury of straw tents, which were arranged in streets, resembling the encampment of an army corps. Only there were no songs, no laughter, no revelry, as among soldiers. Exhausted, they thought only of eating their evening allowance of curry and crawling under their six feet of matting to sleep. In charge of this great army of brown people was a solitary white man, an engineer. With not a single soldier to help him, he governed without any showing of power save his white skin, his intelligence and the uniform of India's Empress. His lowered eyelid, his uplifted finger—that was law unto the 30,000 meek and weak ones.

FAMINE IN ITS WORST FORM

I travelled fifty miles further up-country to Dohad, where a missionary took me in his ox-cart over the sand-hills to the poor-house. In time of plenty, there is no such thing as a poor-house in all India. When famine rages, however, these places of last resort are as numerous as relief camps. Thither are brought abandoned children, delicate women, and all persons who are sick or too weak to work. Here is Famine in its worst visible forms. When a poor-house is in charge of a white man, conditions are not so bad. But when the place is in the care of a native—Allah help the inmates! The poor-house at Dohad was in charge of a native. We arrived at "feed time." A native attendant was doling out buffalo milk to a hundred children who tumbled about him like puppies around a mother dog.

IN THE WOMEN'S COMPOUND

In the women's compound, the sick and the well jumbled together on the ground. A peculiar hush was here, as among sheep in a slaughter pen, each awaiting her turn. One woman, a high-caste, who stood leaning against a pole that supported the matting roof, gazed past us into space. She had lost her mind. She had stood thus, like a bronze statue, for three nights and days gazing into the beyond, refusing food, heeding nothing. She would stand thus till death touched her. One little girl begged the native official to allow her to leave and go in search of her mother, from whom she had strayed, in the desert. Refused, she took matters in her own hands, and, when no one was looking, crawled out under the wall of matting, as mischievous boys escape from a country circus. Outside was a group of women awaiting admission to the poor-house. One was blind and was repeating, faintly, a beloved name. The girl flew into the blind woman's arms, crying: "Mother—at last!" And later, with others, mother and daughter filed into the poor-house.

FUNERAL PYRES FOR THE DEAD

Next morning at sunrise we followed the carts that gathered up the dead. In a cleared space in the adjacent jungle we attended the funeral of sixty-five famine victims. The ashes of a thousand other victims lay in white, smoking heaps. On top of these ash-heaps low-caste men piled logs—four such piles. Atop the logs were thrown the sixty-five bodies, the morning's harvest. On the bodies more logs were thrown, till only a foot here, a head there, protruded. Then the four piles were set afire, and the flames of the funeral pyres leaped far above the tops of the surrounding trees. Thus is the trace of famine obliterated from the face of India.

FAMINE ORPHANS

DEAD BODIES OF THE STARVED ON FUNERAL PYRES READY FOR BURNING, AT DOHAD

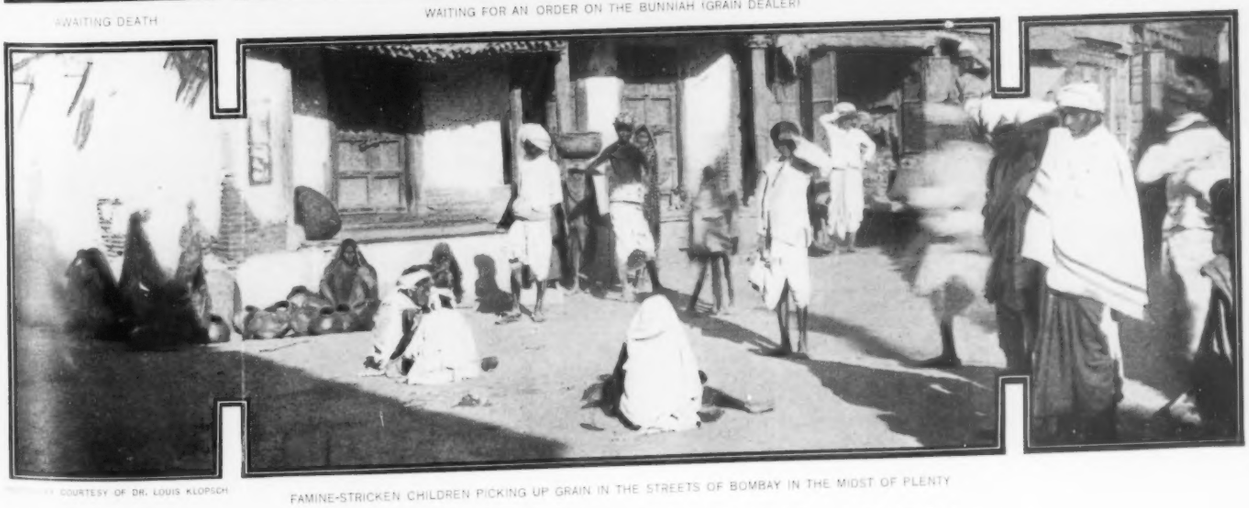
IN THE POOR-HOUSE

RELIEF WORK OF AMERICAN MISSION AT AHMEDNAGAR

AWAITING DEATH

WAITING FOR AN ORDER ON THE BUNNIAH (GRAIN DEALER)

IN BOMBAY



[illegible] COURTESY OF DR. LOUIS KLOPSCH

FAMINE-STRICKEN CHILDREN PICKING UP GRAIN IN THE STREETS OF BOMBAY IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY

THE GREAT FAMINE IN INDIA

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The Curious Courtship of KATE POINS

By Louis Evan SHIPMAN With Drawings by A. I. Keller

(BEGUN IN COLLIER'S WEEKLY JULY 28)

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST CHAPTERS

The tale opens in 1795 and introduces, among other characters, Sir Kenstone Nevill, his son Dick and daughter Martia. In avenging an insult offered his family by Captain Jack Poins (a younger brother of Sir Sydney Poins, his intimate) and others, both Nevill and Poins are killed. After Martia's marriage to Lord Strathdeigh, Dick (now Sir Richard) Nevill, because of his last promise to his father, will not continue the controversy with Poins' friends. He is branded a coward. In 1809 he becomes Marquess of Kenstone and gains great honor under Wellington in the wars, especially at Talavera. He is invalided to England and meets Kate Poins—niece of Sir Sydney—and the Vicomte de Broisic. These four Circumstance has chosen to play one of its little tragedies." De Broisic determines to marry Kate Poins and journeys to Bath with that purpose in view. He is well received by both uncle and niece, and presses his suit. The Marquess of Kenstone also arrives at his family seat, Bath, and is equally determined to make Kate Poins his wife. The three meet accidentally in Kenstone's grounds shortly after his arrival. Nevill sees a rival in De Broisic. He is invited to dine with Sir Sydney and accepts with the intention of asking for the hand of the latter's niece, but finds to his sorrow that Kate Poins has gone to the city of Bath.

CHAPTER VIII—(Continued)

Nevill has an Important Interview with an Old Friend

"BUT YOU haven't yet told me the cause of this sudden descent upon humble Somersetshire?" said Sir Sydney, sipping judicially and looking across the rim of his glass at Kenstone.

"And you call it sudden, do you?" laughed the young man.

"Sudden compared with your seeming indifference to the very handsome property which came into your possession several years ago, yes," replied the baronet.

"Well, I've awakened to a full sense of my many delinquencies," said Nevill; "and," he added deliberately, "I've come down here to get me, if possible, a wife."

"A wife!" ejaculated Sir Sydney, sitting up so suddenly that he nearly dropped his glass. "You are going to get married?"

"That is the only process by which one can be secured in this timid age."

"But who is it? Where is she? God bless my soul, to think of my old friend Ken Nevill's son getting married!" cried the old man, now thoroughly excited.

"Isn't that what might be expected of him? But I'm not married yet, Sir Sydney. There are important preliminaries, which have a close connection with yourself," said Nevill, leaning forward on the table and watching his old friend narrowly.

"Connection with me?" questioned Sir Sydney vacantly. "What can you mean?"

"I mean that I've come to ask permission to address your niece, Miss Poins," answered the young man.

"To address my—Kate?" stammered Sir Sydney, rising unsteadily from his chair and blinking like one who has had a jog. "But, man, you don't know the child; you've never spoken ten words with her in your life. This is no jest, Dick; you are serious?"

"Never so serious in my life, Sir Sydney. Ever since that night at the opera, when I first met her, I've been obsessed by but one thought—her. I tried to fight it off, but found it beyond my power, and here I am."

"Impossible, impossible!" muttered the baronet, turning away and standing by the fire.

"Impossible, Sir Sydney? I don't understand," said Nevill, flushing.

"Not your feelings, Dick," answered the old man kindly, "but the whole thing—the situation. It is impossible, I say." His face seemed ashen gray in the flickering candlelight, and Nevill could see that he was struggling with some inexplicable mental agitation.

It was several minutes before he spoke again, and then it was more to himself than to any listener. "I was a fool to think of escaping it. It's Nemesis," he said, "Nemesis."

The young man rose and went over to him. "If I have said anything to hurt or offend you, Sir Sydney, you must know 'tis nothing but blundering. As my father's dearest friend, you could not for a moment suspect me of any but the kindliest and most honorable intention."

"You are a good lad, Dick. I love you for your father's sake, and I know I could love you for your own." He put his hand gently on Nevill's shoulder. "But you can't understand without my telling you, and that will bring pain to us both; yes, to us both."

"Sir Sydney, I were ingrate could I forget what you have done for my family. If in any way this request of mine causes you to suffer, though it be a mystery to me, I beg of you to consider it unmade, and I will return to town, cost my feelings what it may."

"It would not be fair; no, not fair to you, not fair to Kate, not fair to myself. But don't ask me for an explanation tonight. I'm all unstrung," said the old man.

"I wait upon your pleasure," answered Nevill, "and if on reconsideration you think best not to give any, be assured that I will accept your decision with good grace."

"You take the sting from my task," answered Sir Sydney. "Of course, you have not spoken to Kate?"

"Even if I had had the opportunity, my respect for you would have forbidden, sir."

"I will drive over to Kenstone to-morrow."

"Come to luncheon. Any hour you may say."

"At two o'clock, then," said Sir Sydney. "Will you ring for a servant? And excuse me for not lighting you out. I find I am not as proof against the night air as I used to be."

Nevill pulled the bell-cord, and a few moments later took his leave.

The jigging light of his tilbury lamps bored through the blackness of the night, but to the young Marquess the obscurity was Stygian. He seemed muffled in an impenetrable cloud of mystery that was physical in its effect, for more than once the groom had to call out as they dashed along. His enterprise had been checked at the first barrier, which should have been the easiest to surmount. And as for the Vicomte de Broisic, he had not even had the opportunity of inquiring into that gentleman's status, let alone of attacking it. So it may be imagined that he looked forward to the prospect of Sir Sydney's visit the next day with feverish interest.

CHAPTER IX

Kate Discovers that She has a Heart

SIR SYDNEY'S proposed visit, and consequently the mysterious explanation, were destined to be postponed. An hour or so before the baronet's expected arrival, a neat groom in the Poins livery rode up and delivered a note for the Marquess. It was from Miss Poins, and informed him that her uncle had been suddenly taken ill in the night. He had been bled by the doctor from Bath, who pronounced his attack nothing serious, but forbade his leaving his room for several days. All of which was bad news for Impatience, but Nevill was more concerned for his old friend than he was for the satisfaction of his own curiosity. And was there not some compensation in the possession of that delicately scented little note? Formal, it was true, but in her proper writing, and fit occupant of the inner pocket to which it was consigned, whence it was released for perusal and reperusal on many a comfortless day.

He rode over to Poins House in the afternoon and was received by Kate, who, though still worried, was much relieved by the second visit of the doctor, who had just left.

"He is resting quite easily," she said in answer to his inquiries. "His chief annoyance is having had to break his engagement with you."

"Tell him not to concern himself one instant on my account," answered Nevill. "Now that I have become acquainted with my new home, though never so slightly, I hope to pass much time here; and Sir Sydney and I shall make and break many an engagement together," he added, smiling.

"It will be good news to him that you have decided to become a neighbor in person as well as in name."

"Ah, Miss Poins, 'tis probably that very knowledge that has prostrated him. He knew me for a riotous youth, and evidently my conduct last night convinced him that there had been little change in me," laughed Nevill. "But a soldier is always a precarious tenant," he added, "and Sir Sydney must be consoled with that thought."

"You expect, then, to rejoin your regiment, Lord Kenstone?"

"By the autumn at least."

"There will be a chance for the campaign to close before that," said she.

"Then there will be no hope for you. Believe me, I shall turn farmer in that event and be at your gates always."

"The idea has no horrors for me," answered Kate, entering into the mood of his banter.

"That is to say, that you can believe in the reformation of wild characters?"

"My uncle has successfully hidden your reputation from us."

"In consideration of the friendship he bore my father, no doubt, Miss Poins. His loyalty shall be rewarded," said Nevill. For some unaccountable reason, perhaps it was a chance tone in his voice, these words of his, spoken in jest, flashed a sudden light on the memory of what a real loyalty the old baronet had shown to his father, and how ill, at his hands, had been the recompense. Kate felt the change in his mood.

"Your father and my uncle were great friends?" she asked gently.

"The very greatest, Miss Poins; and it comes to me that the debt my father's son owes to Sir Sydney's kindness has rested too lightly upon my shoulders."

"He is a very gentle creditor," said Kate.

"That is no excuse for me."

"I have seldom heard my uncle speak of your father. He has been dead a long time?" questioned she.

"Not a very long time," replied Nevill. "He died suddenly five years ago. Sir Sydney was with him at the end."

"How strange!" said Kate musingly.

"Strange?"

"My father, too, died suddenly five years ago, and Sir Sydney was with him."

"Your father?" questioned Nevill quickly. "I thought Sir Sydney's brother Clarence was killed at Trafalgar?"

"He was," Kate answered, "but my father was in the army."

"The army?" said he vaguely, not yet guessing.

"In the 'Blues,'" she said. "You must have known him, and your father too."

"Not—not Captain John Poins of the Royal Horse Guards?" asked he mechanically, and the room seemed to turn topsy-turvy as he saw, rather than heard, her lips form the fatal "Yes." He must have turned quite pale, and looked strangely—he felt himself all a-tremble—for he was conscious of her saying in a scared voice: "Are you ill, Lord Kenstone?"

"It's nothing, nothing," he said, rising rather unsteadily and stepping to the long window, which he flung open. "My ankle gives me a bad turn occasionally. Do you mind if I step on to the terrace for a moment?"

"Shall I call a servant?" she asked, stepping to him, her voice full of solicitude.

"Oh, no, no, Miss Poins! I'll be myself in a moment. Just a breath of air, that is all I need." He tried to smile, but could summon nothing but a wrinkle to his face, then stepped through the window, Kate looking curiously after him.

On the terrace, leaning against the balustrade, the river breeze came to him and chilled his face and hands, both moist with a nervous sweat. The tragedy of his father's death had once more flung itself across his path—this time so suddenly and from such an unexpected quarter that his senses fairly reeled from the encounter. Small wonder that Sir Sydney had staggered at his astounding confession the night before, and been stricken by the weight of the secret which he had engaged to divulge. Thoughts such as these, and a score of others, surged through his mind; but the commanding one, that seemed to hurl the others aside, was, that this girl Kate Poins, touched, as she seemed to be at that distorted moment, with his father's very blood, had bound him, by some inscrutable fascination, in a thrall that would only be shaken off with his life. But thrice had they met, and each successive time had found him more inextricably enmeshed. "What are the odds, if I can only bind her as she has me?" was his exultant query. "This poor child is as innocent as her Uncle Sydney, not only of the act, but even of the knowledge of it," cried his reason. And if that had not been sufficient, a thousand sophistries, the heart's faithful legionaries, would have jumped to arms to serve him.

He heard steps behind him, and, turning, saw Kate followed by a footman with a decanter.

"What a dog I am, Miss Poins," he said, stepping toward her, "to have alarmed you so."

"You are better?" she asked, concern still in her voice.

"It was but for a moment," answered Nevill; "the air here fetched me about."

"You will have a glass of cognac?" said Kate, pouring it herself.

"Thank you," said he, taking it and feeling that anything might befall if he were sure of such gentle administration. "I am afraid the surgeon is right," he added. "I am no fit company for real soldiers just yet."

And there the little incident ended, for the time. It came back vividly to Kate's memory not many weeks later, however, and its real significance was laid open before her. She urged him to drive back to Kenstone when, shortly after, he prepared to go; but he preferred the saddle, and left her standing on the terrace, the loveliest thing, he thought, that experience had ever vouchsafed to bring to him. As he turned out through the gates he passed a horseman coming in, and regretted extremely his early departure when he recognized the Vicomte de Broisic.

The young Frenchman found Kate just where the Marquess had left her. She seemed more subdued, less eager and expectant than he usually found her, but her first words enlightened him.

"My uncle is ill."

"What, Sir Sydney?"

"Yes, he was taken last night, suddenly."

"It is not serious, though?" he questioned, rather in a flutter.

"The doctor says not, but I'm frightened," she answered.

"Frightened?" said the Vicomte. "Why?"

"I don't know. It's too vague to put into words. I never realized before that we should not be always together."

"You are afraid of being alone?" he asked, and he felt that the moment was at hand when he should declare himself, though he would have preferred to be on more definite ground with Sir Sydney regarding matters which were to him of very great importance.

"Yes," she answered simply. "I am, because without him I should be quite alone."

"Why do you say that?" he questioned in a low voice, leaning closer to where she stood. "I, too, am quite alone in the world, Miss—Kate," he went on, and she thrilled as she heard her name on his lips for the first time. "Can't we two join hands? Then neither of us would be lonely. I love you, Kate. Won't you give me happiness?"

He lifted her hand gently to his lips, and the young girl quivering with emotion, that seemed a strange joy, bowed her head and murmured "Honore."

"Yes, dear," he said softly, taking possession of her other hand, "that means that the world belongs to us."

"It is a very beautiful world," answered Kate, looking into her lover's face; "it has given me you."

"How much greater, then, has its bounty been to me," answered he, drawing her to him. They stood there in the dusk of the spring afternoon, leaning against the parapet of the terrace, oblivious to the gentle going of the day, conscious only of themselves and of their happiness that the fragrance of the air, coming to them across the gardens, seemed to make palpable.

De Broisie had never for a moment doubted the outcome of his wooing—he had the admirable faculty of foretasting success in all his projects—but he was filled with a wild feeling of exultation now, as he stood there and knew that this beautiful, exquisite creature had given herself to him. True, Sir Sydney had yet to be dealt with, but he had carried the citadel and all that remained to do was the easy task of turning the guns on the outworks.

"Sir Sydney will think that I have abused his hospitality," he said after a while.

"Abused it, Honore? How?"

"Have I not broken into his strong-box, as it were, and taken his treasure?"

"Foolish lad, he likes you," said Kate.

"But I have defied the conventions."

"That sounds very terrible," she replied gayly; "but in what way?"

"I certainly should have declared my intentions."

"Haven't you?"

"You tease me," he replied, taking her hand to his lips. "I should have spoken to him. It will seem that I have taken advantage of his being out of the way."

"I will tell him; I would rather be the first. You will not take me away, Honore? I may tell him that?"

"Away?"

"From Poins. Not till he is gone, anyhow. He couldn't bear to lose me."

"You mean that we should not marry till your uncle is dead?" he asked uneasily.

"Oh, no, not that," she cried. "I wish we were to be married to-morrow. I mean that you will live here."

"Forever, with you, dear," he answered joyously.

The flicker of a taper light through the windows was the first they knew of the night that had come about them.

"Is it so late?" she asked.

"Oh, time is not for us. It is only to measure unhappiness," he answered.

"We shall never need a clock, then," said she.

"Never."

"But I must run to Uncle Sydney. I've not been near him for hours. I'm sure time enters into his account. Oh, I wish you could stay to dine."

"I am afraid it would hardly do. I will be over early in the morning."

"How early?" asked she.

"Oh—at dawn," he answered, "and I'll wait."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

And still they lingered, until the sound of steps and a voice, Miss Tetley's, sent her quickly through the long window and De Broisie through the gloom to the stables.

CHAPTER X

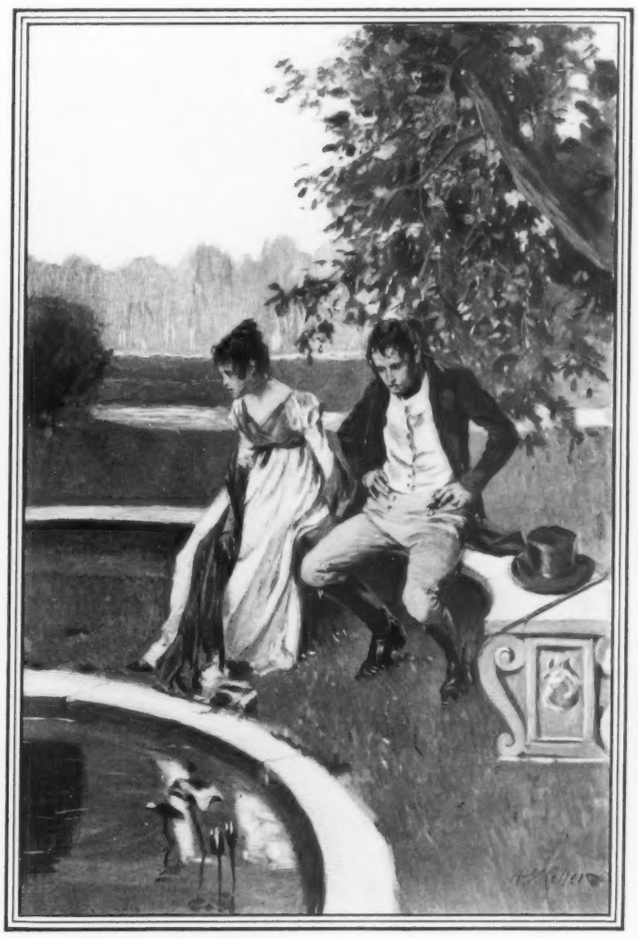
Sir Sydney Explains

THE SHOCK to Dick Nevill occasioned by Kate Poins' (to him) extraordinary information concerning the identity of her father was but momentary. A morbid man would have brooded over the seeming fatality of the situation, and would have seen in, a fair way to spoil any little glimmer of the joy of life that had come to him. But Nevill was not morbid, and humor and good sense had solved many perplexities for him and adjusted properly many of his relations to life, so he had no idea of allowing this untoward circumstance to stand in the way of his securing happiness. If Kate Poins' father had killed Sir Kenstone Nevill, it was just as much of a certainty that Sir Kenstone Nevill had killed Captain Poins; and it seemed, to Nevill, an eminently just arrangement that the children of these two should clasp hands and blight the hideous memory of their taking off.

He thought this all out carefully during the next ten days in which he was constantly at Poins, ostensibly on visits of inquiry after the condition of Sir Sydney, but really for the chances it gave him of seeing Kate. She was seldom to be found without the Vicomte de Broisie in attendance, though; and the mutual dislike of the two men, which had begun the night of their first meeting, deepened into a feeling much more positive. The outward sign of this animosity—it was nothing less—was a scrupulous and formal politeness, stretched to such a thinness, however, that it was often pierced by little verbal stilettoes, of which Nevill's most often reached their mark.

If Kate was conscious of the antagonism—and undoubtedly the Frenchman had the satisfaction, which was denied the Marquess, of telling her what he thought of his rival—she made no sign. There was a gayety and charm about the young Englishman that appealed to her, and her happiness was so great just now that she felt she must communicate it to all about her. It would have hardly pleased Nevill to know, as he soon did, that he was basking in the warmth of a graciousness the glow of which was simply borrowed from the man he detested. Unconscious of its real source, he was filled to intoxication with the joy of it, and chafed only at the restraint, which he felt the long-delayed interview with Sir Sydney put upon his outspeaking.

Nearly a fortnight had passed since the baronet's seizure when, on Nevill's arrival at Poins House one morning, a footman informed him that Sir Sydney wished to see him in his dressing-room. He went up and found the old gentleman sitting in the sunshine that was pouring through the opened window. The young man was shocked at the change in his friend. Sir Sydney had never been a vigorous-looking man; but how different from the almost pitiable figure that seemed lost in the great crimson dressing-gown, it hurt him to think. His eyes were tell-tale as he went toward him, but the baronet knew only too well.



THE TINKLING FOUNTAIN SPLASHED THE SILENCE THAT FOLLOWED . . .

"Ah, Dick," he said, taking the other's hand, "I'm getting an old man."

"Nonsense," answered Nevill, "you are only getting a very careless one."

"So the doctor tells me. He says it's that cursed garden, but as that cursed garden is my greatest pleasure I don't propose to give it up."

"No need to give it up, unless you persist in working out there at unreasonable hours."

"Well, I can stand the doctor's haranguing, but not yours," laughed Sir Sydney. "What have you been doing these past two weeks?"

"Working in the garden," answered Nevill with a smile.

"Straightening Kenstone out, eh? It needs it badly enough, I'll warrant."

"Not at Kenstone, Sir Sydney."

"Not at Kenstone?" queried the old man. "What do you mean—where, then?"

"I've been exercising a great deal of diligence over a flower that blooms only at Poins House; I want to transplant it, if possible," said Nevill.

"Oh," replied Sir Sydney, looking at him sharply. "You are hard hit, my boy."

"It is worse than Talavera," laughed the young man.

"It has bothered me," said the old man.

"I was afraid so, but I think I understand the reason; and there is really nothing for you to worry about."

"What have you found out?"

"That Captain Poins was Miss Poins' father."

"And who was your informant?" asked Sir Sydney.

"Miss Poins."

"Kate!" ejaculated the old man.

"Yes, quite accidentally. I was telling her of your intimacy with my father, and how you had been with him at his death five years ago. She remarked that you had also been with her father at his death, at about the same time; and then it all came to me."

"You had suspected nothing before?"

"How could I?" answered Nevill. "I didn't know that your brother, Captain Poins, was married."

"He wasn't," said Sir Sydney dryly, though a little point of color showed on both of his pale cheeks.

"But—" began Nevill, leaning forward in his chair; then he checked himself and simply said "Oh."

"My brother Jack was quite complete," went on Sir Sydney. "A perfect scoundrel, unrelieved by any saving virtue."

"She knows nothing of this?" asked the young man, after a moment.

"Not a thing. I have often thought that it was the man's last joy, when he confided her to me, to know that I should have the torture some day of telling her. It was a piece of exquisite devilry. But thank God," said the old man, his voice shaking, "he overreached himself. She has brought me the greatest happiness I have ever known, and no pain, now, can take that from me."

"But why should you ever have the pain of telling her or she the pain of ever knowing?" said Nevill.

"It is inevitable, Dick," answered Sir Sydney. "When Kate tells me that she cares for any man, she must judge whether he is worthy of her, and whether he would be willing to quarter his shield with a baton sinister."

"And," asked Nevill slowly, "what if this very fastidious gentleman, whoever he may chance to be, should decide that he didn't care to charge his shield with the emblem of illegitimacy?"

Sir Sydney seemed unconscious of the irony in his young friend's voice as he said this, and didn't answer for several moments, his gaze wandering over the gardens and across the hedges, to where the silver Avon flows quietly.

"In that event," he said, at last bringing his eyes back to Nevill's face, over which an inscrutable little smile was playing—"in that event, the poor child would have to suffer. I couldn't blame him. You see now, Dick," he continued gravely, "why you upset me so the other night. If any other man of your rank and position had come to me I should have told him that it was impossible and refused any explanation. That would have spared him the awkwardness of withdrawal and me the humiliation."

"But in this instance you chose neither to spare me nor yourself?" said Nevill.

"I owed it, at whatever pain to myself, to the son of my old friend, Sir Kenstone Nevill," answered Sir Sydney with dignity.

"And pray, Sir Sydney, what sort of a son do you think your old friend begot?" questioned Nevill, and there was a touch of bitterness in his tone.

"What do you mean?" asked the baronet.

"You must think me a poor creature."

"A poor creature, Dick?" said the old man helplessly. "I don't understand."

"You don't, you don't!" said Nevill, rising and pacing the room. As he came in front of Sir Sydney he stopped. "I love her!" he exclaimed passionately. "What difference do you think it makes to me, this accident of her birth? She is the same, now that I know it, as she was before the knowledge was mine. I'm no vapid fool to be turned aside because the name of the prize for which I'm searching has been miscalled. I've found the prize, call it what you will; I know it and I want it."

His vehemence quite overwhelmed the old baronet, who gazed at him as if he could hardly credit his hearing.

"You are your father's boy," was all he could say.

"And whose boy did you think I was but a moment since?" demanded Nevill gently.

"I couldn't have blamed you, Dick. I don't think I would have your courage under the circumstances. The world—"

"The world be hanged!" burst out the young man. "What has the world to do with my choice of a wife?"

Sacrilegious, almost, as this sounded to the worldly old man, something of Nevill's generous enthusiasm communicated itself to him, and he got unsteadily to his feet.

"God bless you, lad, God bless you," he said, putting both hands on the other's shoulders; "nothing in the world would make me happier."

"Ah, then we two are allies," said Nevill gayly. "If we can only coax Miss Poins to join us I will engage to put the world at bay."

"If we only can," said Sir Sydney, dropping once more into the depths of his comfortable chair. "But the burden of that will be upon you."

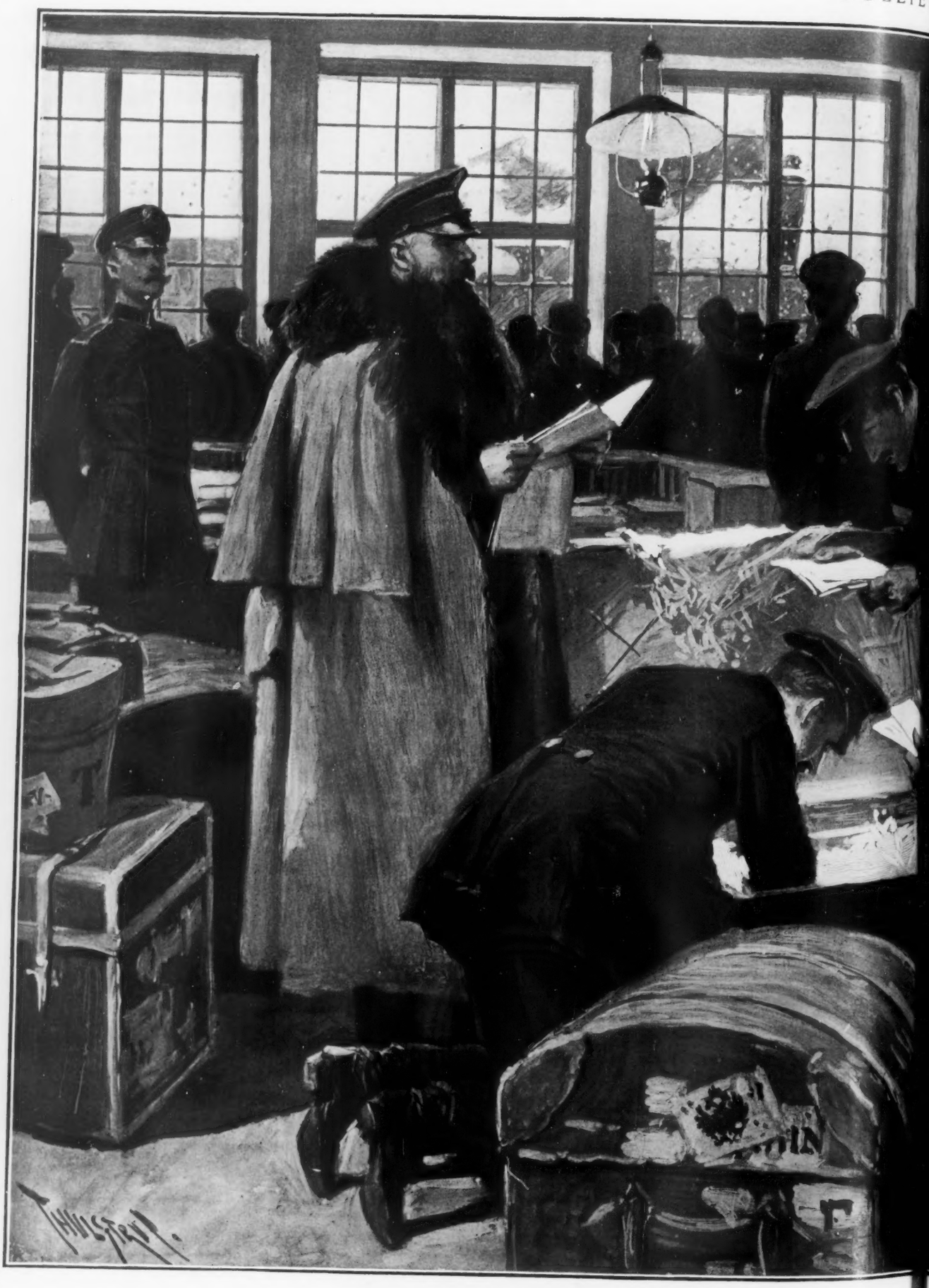
"I accept it," said the young man. He would have liked to have spoken of De Broisie, but he could see that the emotional excitement of their interview had told perceptibly on his old friend, and he deferred the disagreeable subject for subsequent discussion. Instead, he asked after a moment, hesitatingly:

"Did you know her mother?"

"No," answered Sir Sydney. "It seems she died a year before my brother. He gave me full directions, in the last few moments he had, how to find Kate. She was with an aunt, her mother's sister, who lived just outside London on the river, and whom I found to be a most estimable person, the daughter of a non-conformist parson. How the devil Jack Poins had gotten in with them I don't know, and I didn't care to add to my knowledge."

"Had he made no provision for her?" asked Nevill, who was following Sir Sydney intently.

"In an inconsistent moment he had," replied the baronet. "It was a small settlement, which I managed to double after his death, with the dregs of his, what was once a rather con-



ON THE RUSSIAN

THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER IS GUARDED AT ALL TIMES WITH GREAT VIGILANCE, AND MOST RIGOROUSLY SO NOW THAT WAR WITH CHINA AND INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS THREATEN THE CZAR'S DOMAINS. THE DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WAS MADE IN THE LATE SPRING, WHEN THE FIRST WHISPERS OF A COMING GREAT WAR PUT EUROPE ON THE ALERT, AND REPRESENTS A NOT UNCOMMON SCENE AT A FAR NORTH FRONTIER POST. THE OFFICER IN THE BIG FUR

COAT IS
ARE SE
WHILE
RENCE.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP,
OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ABROAD

AN FRONTIER

COAT IS EXAMINING THE PASSPORT OF A LADY, WHO IS SUSPECTED OF BEING A POLITICAL SPY, WHILE HIS SUBORDINATES ARE SEARCHING HER BAGGAGE FOR INCRIMINATING DOCUMENTS. THE MEN ABOUT THE "SUSPECT" ARE GENDARMES, WHILE IN THE BACKGROUND MAY BE SEEN TWO AMERICAN TRAVELLERS, WHO ALONE APPEAR SURPRISED AT THE OCCURRENCE. THROUGH THE WINDOW WE SEE ONE OF THE OLD-FASHIONED WOOD-BURNING AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES

The Curious Courtship of KATE POINS

siderable fortune, for a younger son. The aunt hated to part with her, but I showed her the advantages that the child would have, and she at last consented."

"Does she ever see her—her mother's relations?"

"No. It was a tie that I wanted completely broken, and there was no reason for its continuance. The woman realized that as well as I. This was five years ago; and the thing that I looked forward to with shrinking and dread has been a blessing to me. It seems incredible."

"Ah, nothing is as incredible as the things that happen," said Nevill.

There was a tap at the door at this moment, and in answer to the summons to enter, Sir Sydney's valet came in with some sherry and biscuit for the old gentleman. When he had left them alone once more, Nevill, who had risen, and was standing by the open window, said:

"Don't think me overinquisitive, Sir Sydney, but has Kate—Miss Poins"—he corrected himself with a little flush—"has Miss Poins never shown any curiosity concerning her parents?"

"Very little," answered the old man. "She knows that the subject displeases me, and never refers to it now, though she did at first talk about her mother, who must have been a very lovely woman."

"I can well believe that," answered the young man.

"Her father she never saw more than two or three times in her life that she remembers; which is very comforting," added Sir Sydney.

"Yes," said Nevill, straightening himself for departure. He had caught a glimpse of a figure in the gardens below that had set him stirring. "And now we'll begin the campaign." He took the old man's hand.

"Godspeed to you, Dick."

"Amen," laughed Nevill. "I'll report to you soon, and shall hope to see you out of the hospital before long."

"You've cured me already," said the baronet after him as he passed out.

CHAPTER XI

The Marquess of Kenstone becomes the Victim of his own Philosophy

NEVILL'S head was buzzing as he went out into the open air, and he took a turn up and down the broad terrace to collect his thoughts, which were in sad disarray. He, himself, had but small part in them; it was Kate Poins and Sir Sydney around whom they clustered and massed themselves. These two, who had jumped into his life, or he into theirs, not two months since, now claimed everything he had to give; and how willingly he would yield everything, if they would only confer upon him the greatest honor he felt he could have—their acceptance—came to him at this moment with whelming force. He was filled with a great pity for them both, but especially for the old baronet, who so gallantly had taken up a burden, the mere thought of which must have wrenched his pride to the very roots. His compensation had been great, but he had hovering over him always, like some fearful mortgage on his happiness, the secret which would bring grief and pain, and even catastrophe, to the innocent girl. It was from the bitterness of all this that Nevill determined to screen them. What was his love worth, he thought, if it couldn't protect her from the mordant knowledge that would burn all the joy of existence out of her, and lift the load from Sir Sydney's shoulders that he had so chivalrously assumed for the honor of his name?

He descended the steps leading to the gardens, and made his way along the gravelled paths, high guarded with well-clipped box and yew, to a little arbor in which the figure that had attracted his attention from Sir Sydney's window had disappeared. She was not there, but an open book and crumpled handkerchief mutely proclaimed her proximity, and he passed through to where a fountain, only lately released from its winter confinement, was spouting and tumbling in antic confusion. Kate was seated on a stone bench that half circled and faced the tossing water—with eyes so intent upon the iridescent bubbling in the huge stone basin that she was unconscious of his approach.

Nevill stood for several moments as intent as she, wondering what the coming moments had in store for him, and filled, as he had never been before, with the sense of her great loveliness. A band of straggling, venturesome sunbeams had forced their way through the branches of an overhanging tree and were rioting in fierce rivalry with the gold of her hair. His eyes, subtle ravishers, took in every detail of the well-poised, supple figure, forward leaning, clad in a dim purple frock; of rose-kissed lips and high-bred nose, and chin, resting, at this moment, meditatively in her upturned palms; of the straight, delicate brows of black—Nature's pencilling—which with sweeping lashes bade defiance to her glistening hair and overflowed with the exquisite completeness of the image.

He moved toward her, and his step crashed through her revery.

"Castles in the air, Miss Poins?" said he lightly as he stood before her.

"Golden galleons, treasure laden, in the water, Lord Kenstone," answered she, smiling up at him.

"May they come safely to port," Nevill said.

"Ah, if one only knew whether they would or no."

"That would never do," he replied.

"And why not?" asked Kate.

"Foreknowledge would be the death of day-dreams," answered Nevill. "Certainty would put the cautious and timorous on the same level with any free and eager argonaut. It would kill the spirit of adventure in us all, Miss Poins; blight hope, sink us all to the unhappy condition of content."

"And is content so unhappy a condition?"

"It is," said he; "for then we are satisfied with what we have."

"You are unhappy, Lord Kenstone?" she asked with a hovering smile.

"Ah, no, I dream dreams," said Nevill gayly; "I roam in the clouds—I should even like to have a share in your golden galleons."

"But, if they suffer no mischance, you run the risk of your dreaded content."

She had quite entered into the spirit of his whimsical talk, and though there was nothing in her of the coquette, yet she was still a woman, for whom always, if she be not trammelled by some devious device of nature or convention, a handsome, gallant man has attractions.

"Then," said he, "if such good luck befall us, we might venture upon another argosy, and still another. Content would never have a chance to rest upon me; for each adventure would lead to new and more hazardous ones."

"I am afraid you would make too reckless a partner," replied Kate.

"Try me," Nevill said quickly, with a touch of earnestness in his voice that broke through his tone of banter. She looked at him sharply, but saw only the merry light in his eyes. "I'm not reckless," he went on, "I'm only a gay loser."

"Do you win with the same gayety?" she asked.

"If my dream of dreams should come true, Miss Poins, joy would be too much for me, I think."

This time she felt she was not mistaken; there was something beneath his words that made her vaguely uneasy, as she drifted into the little whirlpool that was awaiting her without any intent, though her next words, unknowingly, steered her straight for it.

"Might I become a partner in that?" questioned she.

"If you would my dream would be no dream," answered Nevill, moving nearer to her.

"I would not spoil it for the world," said Kate, now a little flurried, with a faint premonition of where the talk was carrying them.

"Your participation in it is a condition of its success."

"Oh, no, no, no!" said she, rising quickly. "You overestimate my importance. I'm a bad loser—and a bad winner."

Too late, and she knew it. Every suggestion of raillery had gone from his voice when he next spoke, and though she nervously looked away across the hedges and gardens, she felt instinctively the grave intentness of his eyes fastened upon her.

"Have I been very stupid, very listless in the telling of my allegory, Miss Poins? If so, my tongue has played my heart a sorry trick."

"I am very sorry, Lord Kenstone," said Kate nervously, hoping wildly that she might yet guide herself out of the rapids that threatened, "but I'm afraid I am but a poor listener."

"But I want you to be a good listener," he said gently; "I will bore you no longer with my stupid fable. My dream, in simple words, is you. I have loved you ever since that first night we met. I journeyed down here, to what has always seemed to me before dreary Kenstone Hall; but I find that your nearness has transformed it into the most wonderful of abodes. And though you have never fulfilled your promise to help me explore its mysteries, I think you would like it too. Could you, do you think, like it—and me?"

"I do like you," answered she, knowing that she said the wrong thing, but powerless to utter the words she wanted.

"That is half," said he.

"The other half is—is impossible, Lord Kenstone," said Kate, turning a flushed face to him.

"Oh, please not that horrible word. It is the black beast of day-dreams."

"I give you the opportunity of exercising your philosophy. Your dream can't come true." Her words sounded flippant and cruel; she could see a shadow drop over his face.

"Don't say that, Miss Poins. I've staked all on it." Fanciful as were his words, she felt his deep sincerity in every one, and pity filled her. "I've frightened you with my abruptness," he added after a moment. "Please think it over, for my sake."

"Thinking would be no good, Lord Kenstone," she answered. "Believe me, it would do no good. What you want I cannot give."

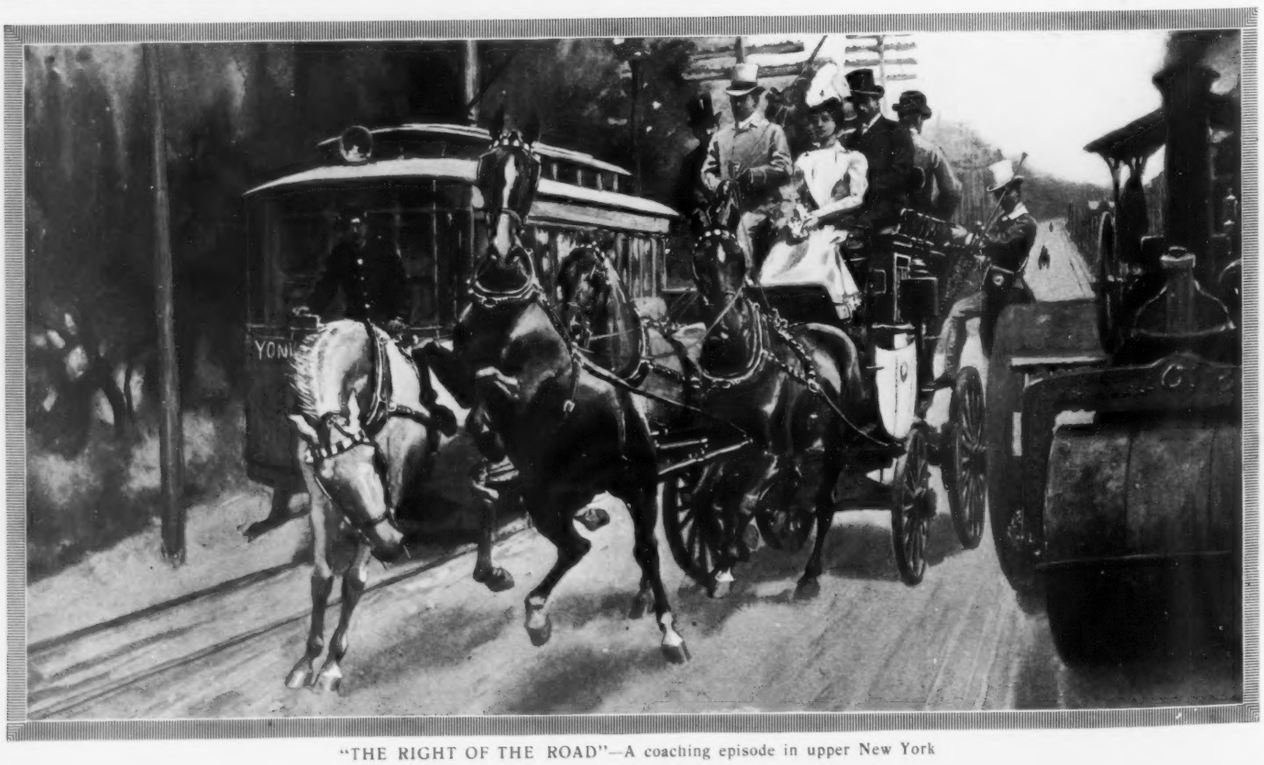
"Why?"

"I do not love you; I hardly know you."

"Do you mean that if you knew me better you might—might care for me?" asked Nevill eagerly.

"No, no, I can't," she said, trying to evade his directness.

The tinkling fountain splashed the silence that followed the almost vehement negation of her words; there was no other sound. A thundercap of passion from him would have been a relief, and she expected at least petulance; but when she looked at him at last there was nothing in his face but gentleness, almost contrition.



"THE RIGHT OF THE ROAD"—A coaching episode in upper New York

"I'm [illegible]red you," he said. "Shall we [illegible] back [illegible] the house?"

[illegible]sent by moving up the path, he [illegible] Neither spoke till the terrace [illegible]ched, then Nevill said:

"[illegible] next time, Miss Poins, to tell [illegible]gently; it crowded by my lips [illegible] I was aware and did me small [illegible]. Hesitated a moment, as he spoke [illegible] there above him on the steps, [illegible]ness and charm throwing their [illegible] and disarming the restraint he [illegible] upon himself. "But it will [illegible] same tale, however told," he [illegible] low, passionate voice—"I love [illegible]."

"[illegible]sh!" she replied in a voice as low and [illegible] as his own. "I must never hear it [illegible] you again. It has been told me by another."

"Another!"

"Yes. To whom I have listened, to whom I have given my heart, to whom I shall give my hand."

"You are betrothed?" said Nevill mechanically.

"Yes."

"May I ask—to whom?"

"To the Vicomte de Broisic."

"[illegible]" was all he could say; but, as she turned to go, he exclaimed, with something of his old spirit, even gayety: "I shall make a last loser this time, Miss Poins. Good-by."

"Good-by," she said, and was gone.

It was not till some moments later, when he had his saddle well gripped beneath him, that Nevill gave way to his feelings. Then he dug the rowel into the mare, who, unaccustomed to such an indignity, took the bit between her teeth and set off on a mad scamper. To master her he had to give every bit of his mind and muscle; and when, an hour later, he threw the reins to one of the grooms at Knolsone, man and beast were well fagged. But the raging, baffled feelings that filled him were only subdued, not killed, by his physical exhaustion.

That night he brooded heavily over the smouldering fire in the great oak-panelled, lonesome library. Rocket, with the privilege of an old servant, looked in about midnight with a candle, but was told not to sit up, and went off to bed. The massive clock in a far, shadowy corner droned the small hours; the candles guttered feebly and went out; and still he sat while the embers cooled, turned gray, and left him cold and silent. Not till the faint glimmer of dawn forced its way through curtained barriers did he rise and make his way upstairs. His philosophy had stood him in poor stead during his vigil, and brought him nothing but a frigid, spiritless comfort, as one's philosophy has a way of doing when it is most needed. But four hours of restless sleep found him the next morning firm in a resolve which he had determined upon carrying out, and by ten o'clock he was spinning along the road to Bath behind a smart tandem.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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MARITAL INFELICITIES

BRIDE: "You're always complaining about the cooking. I certainly think in the beginning you might close an eye—"

Husband: "I'd willingly close both—only it doesn't taste any better that way."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I SOMETIMES WONDER whether we appreciate at its true worth the ocean telegraph. Before submarine cables transmitted the news of the world, annihilating space and distance, months and years must often have elapsed before people emerged from the dreadful uncertainty, the wearing suspense, which is the acutest form of mental suffering, when it is our own loved ones who may have been murdered by an assassin or killed in war, or who may have perished in a pestilence. Think of the joyful relief when a cablegram conveys tidings of a dear one's safety! The whole household is lifted to a heavenly height of gladness. And even when it brings confirmation of fears, that is easier borne than an anguish of suspense.

When we talk glibly of the partition of China among the several European powers we simply show our ignorance of the situation. Few of us estimate at its true worth either the immensity of Chinese territory or the swarming numbers of Chinese population. But we may with confidence expect that the allied nations will acquire sufficient control to prevent another outbreak of this sort, to make it indeed impossible in any future period, and it is not too much to hope that, as Woden and Thor in the Dark Ages fell before the victorious standards of the Cross, so the idolatry of China, which lies at the base of its amazing cruelty, may be overcome by the Christian religion. If the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, enough of it has been shed to lead us to look for a harvest. Among the greatest sufferers in the recent holocaust have been the native Christians, both Catholic and Protestant. Their houses have been looted, their chapels destroyed and their families exterminated.

SUMMER DIVERSIONS—THE LAWN-PARTY

AMONG the pleasantest of summer fêtes, and the easiest to prepare for, is a lawn-party, the invitations to which are usually informal and sent out at very brief notice. A smooth sweep of velvet turf, in perfect order, free from the smallest litter of leaf or bit of paper, a flower border or a bed or two of nasturtiums or sweet peas to lend a color effect, and a few chairs and tables conveniently arranged for guests, are the only essentials. One may, if she choose, bring rugs from the house and spread them upon the grass, and a divan on the porch heaped with cushions, a chaise longue under a tree, three or four hammocks, a rocker for the elderly lady, an easy chair for the gentleman with the gouty foot, will complete the list of properties. As thunderstorms are frequent in summer, and often inopportune, a veranda or drawing-room to which retreat may be made if necessary, in case of rain, is very desirable. Guests arrive at any time between four and six, or between five and seven, as indicated in the invitations. Tennis or golf may precede a lawn-party, but they do not form a part of it, as it is more like an afternoon tea out-of-doors or an informal outdoor reception than like a festival into which a variety of sports must enter. The hostess receives in a dainty toilet of organdie, or silk, or some beautiful white material. She wears no gloves. She may be attended by a group of pretty girls, her daughters and their friends, or by older women. Much liberty of choice is given about the refreshments, which should include delicate sandwiches, salads, creams and ices, with coffee frappa and iced tea, or claret cup, in preference to hot beverages. Refreshments may be served by a butler, or by white-capped maids, who must move about softly and without flurry. Or, a young lady may preside at the central table, and the younger men hand the cups and plates to the other guests, the chief thing to be sought being informality and a merry time.

In a country neighborhood, a number of families intent on a closer acquaintance may have weekly lawn-parties in rotation, and a group of women congenial in taste may combine a periodicity of reading-circle and afternoon tea, meeting in each other's gardens. The book selected for such an occasion would better be one of short stories, and a woman who has had much experience declares that ghost stories, and stories of hypnotism and psychology, are more popular than any others. It is well to have a rule about the refreshments, as many a pleasant summer reading-circle has been killed by a too generous and too lavish hostess, whose profuse bounty in the matter of provision has made her neighbors timid about offering their simpler menus.

CITY OF LONDON BARGE (LONDON ROWING CLUB) AT HENLEY

If one can take no other exercise than that afforded by walking, she would better avail herself of that, dressing in a short skirt and wearing a comfortable shoe. Every one desires to retain youth. Old age and obesity lurk in ambush to pounce or creep on the woman who takes no exercise.

In several localities in the West women are engaged as legislators, actually sitting in assemblies, voting and making speeches. They appear to dignify their positions, which they take with appropriate gravity. Women are on the school boards of most of our large cities, and their tact, judgment and comprehension of child-nature and child-needs are here invaluable.

THE THAMES CHALLENGE CUP—LADY MARGARET BRUCE PRESENTS THE PRIZE

The mother with a theory on every subject connected with the upbringing of her small boy is apt to make the boy unhappy. Among his fellows, the lad is manifestly at a disadvantage whose mother never allows him to wet his feet, and who is coddled and cared for as if he were an invalid to be wrapped up in cotton wool. A little wholesome neglect is a boon to most growing children.

At the various summer resorts at mountain and beach very beautiful baskets of Indian work are offered for sale. They are not expensive, and, if purchased and laid aside, will make acceptable Christmas gifts six months from now.

Whether to purchase goods on a charge account or to pay cash is a mooted question with many women. The former is by far the more convenient method, and is preferred by merchants if the credit of their customers is good. But it requires self-control to keep a running account within due bounds, and a purchaser will often buy desired articles which she could do without, if instead of paying for them at once she postpones settlement to a distant pay-day. For people of small incomes, immediate cash payment is for many reasons the safer course.

On a day's journey, the comfort of a seat in the drawing-room car is obvious. Most of us dislike being crowded when the temperature is in the nineties. For shorter trips, the day coach is not to be despised. On most lines the cars are extremely comfortable and well appointed, and it is interesting to observe the coming and going of passengers, and the meetings and partings at stations on the road. Especially in summer, when people are going back for a holiday visit to the farm, and father and mother drive to the station to receive them, one has glimpses of human nature on its best side.

A BARN DANCE

A BARN is a splendid place for dancing. The floor, even and level, the height to the roof and the airy space make it ideal, and it lends itself to decoration as few rooms do. With lanterns hung for illumination, gay bunting festooned about it, banners hung upon the walls, and a judicious sprinkling of flowers, a barn makes a beautiful ball-room, and the girls in their white gowns give the last touch to its festive appearance, the men acting as foils in their conventional costume. A return to knee-breeches, lace ruffles and perukes for men would add much to the picturesque in evening entertainments, all that is ornamental being now monopolized by the ladies.

To the chaperones, seated in a stately row, their own rosebuds are the centre of the fête; but this is invariably the rule—at hop or dance or promenade our young people seem to us more winsome and beautiful than any others. The matron renews her early triumphs in her daughter's ovation. If the latter's card were not crowded the maternal heart would feel a sharp pang.

Young people make rapid strides in each other's acquaintance during the summer, when vacation days bring them together. We smile and make merry at the expense of the summer girl; but she sometimes becomes the winter girl too, dancing into a man's heart and soberly walking with him on life's long journey for the rest of the road.

BRILLIANT HENLEY

"BRILLIANT HENLEY" appears, this year, to have been more brilliant than ever. The fine and pleasant weather brought out all the summer glory of My Lady, whether in the punt, the steam launch, the row-boat or the gaudily-decorated and lantern-hung houseboat. There were not quite so many spectators and perhaps a fewer number of the houseboats than in previous years, but Henley was none the less the fairy spot it ever was. The rowing and contests are the incidents; the real thing is the delectable show of pretty faces and handsome gowns. The presentation of prizes gave the great opportunity for the grouping of womanly beauty and manly strength. It was the only occasion when the "manly strength" came first. Even then Lady Margaret Bruce, who presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, the Thames Challenge Cup which it had wrested from the Trinity College, Dublin, was in the forefront as an attraction. International contests notwithstanding, it is always "Ladies' Day" at Henley. One of the prettiest houseboats on the river was the *City of London*, and one that entertained largely was the *City of Leeds*, which was hung with a gay awning and laid out with plants and flowers.

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THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

I FANCY that few women are satisfied to appear other than well-dressed. The desire to make a good impression is both natural and creditable, and it must be indeed a commanding personality which can afford to be entirely independent of clothes. Nor is the subject so simple as it looks at first sight. No woman is well-dressed unless her dress is perfectly adapted to the occasion on which it is worn, and also altogether suitable to her particular style, to her height, her coloring and her hair. Money enters into the matter, of course, but money is really not the governing factor; it is subordinate to taste, to economy, and to the general usage of the moment. Fashion must be followed to a certain extent, not slavishly, but with acceptation of its best ideas, and so intelligently that a woman is neither conspicuous nor bizarre in the effect she produces. She must have an air of distinction, and this can be attained only by adopting a uniform as deaconesses and Sisters of Charity do, a prescribed cut and color as Friends formerly did, or by conforming in a measure to the reigning mode.

TASTE VS. CHECK-BOOK

THE woman who may at her pleasure order her wardrobe from the most exclusive dressmakers, tailors and milliners, who is able to give carte blanche to these artists and fulfil her part of the contract by being fitted, and signing a check in settlement of her bills, however large, is often regarded with envy by her less fortunate acquaintances. Tailor-made gowns of exquisite fit and costly fabric, evening toilets filmy with lace and dainty with jewels, make great inroads on a limited income, and only the rich have a right to array themselves in these, without a thought of the price to be paid. Yet a woman may spend an enormous sum on her apparel and still fail of securing the chic and modish effect which makes one well-dressed. Once for all, it must be observed that attire which shouts at one, which proclaims the shekels that it cost, which is in any way loud or inharmonious, or, again, which detracts attention from the wearer and fixes it upon itself, is a failure. It may be a good advertisement for the merchants who sold the materials, and for the modistes who manufactured them, but it acts as an extinguisher on the lady whom it was meant to adorn.

PROPER SELECTION OF GOWNS

WHEN buying a gown, a woman should have in mind the use for which it is intended. If a handsome street costume is planned, one which may be worn to a matinée, an afternoon reception, to any informal social affair before dinner, by all means go to the best tailor or the best dressmaker you can afford. True economy dictates purchasing a single elegant dress, rather than frittering the cost of that on two or three costumes, not one of which will give satisfaction. A silk-lined gown is not, indeed, indispensable, since silk linings are perishable, and there are on the market several excellent substitutes which have commended themselves by their wearing qualities. But the lining of a gown is as important as its outside. Whatever is chosen must be soft, pliant, and sure to hang well, not to sag after a few weeks of use, nor to crack, nor shrink. The way a gown hangs is so often overlooked that one constantly meets richly clothed women whose skirts are too short in front, or too long over the hips, or shorter on one side than on the other, or scant in the back, utterly marring the effect of the dress. The best dressmakers have in their employ experts whose sole department is the making and fitting of skirts, in whose hands the dumpy woman acquires grace and the bean-pole woman puts on plumpness.

The gown, when bought, must be regarded as relative to the remainder of the outfit to be worn with it. A bonnet or hat to match—or at least to chord with it in tone, and of a style appropriate to that toilet—shoes, gloves, ties and wrap should be included in the outlay. The soldier on dress parade is complete, an entity, from the crown of his head to the points of his shining toes, every item in good order and immaculate. The well-dressed woman may copy him in this attention to detail; let her have one outfit which is harmonious from beginning to end. Shabby gloves and shoes, a sorry-looking hat, a soiled and crumpled tie, a half-worn belt, will ruin the effect of the most beautiful gown. It is better to save on the gown itself, to be contented with something less expensive than one would like, than to have the elegance of that contrast with ill-fitting gloves and shoes approaching decay.

THE CONVENIENT KNOWLEDGE OF DRESSMAKING

A GREAT deal of money is saved by a knowledge of dressmaking, so that a girl may make some of her clothes at home. Patterns with minute directions may be bought, and a clever young woman, with patience, perseverance and taste, may owe to her own deft fingers the beautiful costumes in which she dazzles her family and society. Men sometimes in their inexperience fancy that the radiant girl whom they admire would be too costly an investment in the rôle of wife, little dreaming that she is a miracle of frugality, and that her whole wardrobe costs far less than one or two gowns of other maidens who must pay dressmakers for all they wear. The home dressmaker is not a success if her dresses look home made, and this effect the clever girl avoids.

A man will expatiate by the half-hour on the charms of simplicity, on the beauty of a muslin gown—and, indeed, to a lovely young woman a muslin gown is most becoming, setting off her delicate sweetness as the leaves of the lily enhance its distinction. But a silk gown is far cheaper than a muslin one, which is usually made over silk in these days, and which requires embroideries of price and laces of rare value to finish it, while its laundering is a thing of frequently recurring expense.

The well-dressed woman takes care of her clothes. She does not tumble them in a heap when she lays them aside. She disposes them in roomy closets, with skeletons on which to arrange the waists, or else she lays them in long boxes and folds them in tissue paper, stuffing sleeves and puffs with the same, so that they will not fall into creases and wrinkles, and will gather no dust. Clothes are articles of value and may not be treated with contempt.

For the rainy day the sensible woman has a separate costume, waterproof in texture and sufficiently short to escape the danger of dampness. A wet hen and a bedraggled woman are equally objects for the pity of the bystander.

There are women who take their half-worn dinner and evening gowns and use them for mornings at home. This should not be done unless they are scrupulously freshened, robbed of finery and carefully remodelled. A woman does not wear even sumptuous dressing-sacks and elaborate wrappers outside her own room. A tea-gown is not a garment for the dinner-table, where it is as incongruous as a shirt-waist. To appropriate dressing goes reflection. The girl who golfs must be unencumbered, and must have a golfing dress, just as she who rides must have a riding habit.

RAG-TIME

A MEASURE that sets you to dancing,
The lilt of a gay little song,
The accent of merry waves glancing
In the sun as they frolic along—
That's rag-time.

The sound of the crispest staccato,
The chirp of the flightiest bird,
The glide of a rich obligato
By the pulsing of happiness stirred—
That's rag-time.

The music of youth and endeavor,
No lagging, no dropping the pace;
The glad heart that keeps on forever,
And lights up the loneliest place—
That's rag-time.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

After prolonged heat, a cool wave brings a greatly prized relief. It is wonderful to note how quickly people respond to the first waft of a breeze which is not the blast of a fiery furnace. With lowered temperature frowns disappear, tones soften and irritability vanishes as if by magic. The blessed thing about August heat is that we are all assured that it cannot last long, and that, however torrid the days may be, the nights are seldom uncomfortable.

Persons who cannot leave town may console themselves with the reflection that they have much more to enjoy in the variety of fruits and fresh vegetables than they could possibly obtain in the country. The city markets are overflowing with pears, peaches, plums, melons, grapes and apples, luscious, tempting and toothsome. On the city breakfast-table are fruits chilled from the icebox, with a bloom and a fragrance that please the eye and spur the appetite, and it is indeed seldom that such nectar is offered the boarder in the most hospitable farmhouse.

Another delight of the stay-at-home in August is found in the unlimited freedom of his bathing facilities. Water in a bathtub is not water in a lake, and one may not swim in its cool depths; but, on the other hand, it is not water in a basin, and one may plunge in it and feel a sense of exhilarating freshness on the warmest day.

One does not assume the rôle of spectator until she is a bit beyond the vicissitudes of the game. When a woman has ceased to care for the plaudits of the crowd, when her triumphs are all vicarious, she takes a philosophical pleasure in being a looker-on. But not before. The serene spectator must have nothing at issue.

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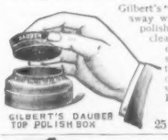

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VETERANS OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY LUNCHING ON THE OLD BATTLEFIELD, NEAR ATLANTA, GA., AT THE REUNION, JULY 21, 1900

THE REUNION OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

GENERAL SHAW, COMMANDER G.A.R., ADDRESSING THE VETERANS

THE LATE REUNION of the Blue and the Gray, held in Atlanta from the 19th to the 22d of July inclusive, was in many respects an absolutely unique occasion, and one that must be of great interest to the many thousand loyal Americans who desire the fraternal union of all who fought in the Northern and Southern armies during the great war of secession. Reunions of the Grand Army of the Republic and of the United Confederate Veterans are annual events, but never before have the soldiers of the North and South met in social conclave in such numbers, mustered together, as it were, in the cause of history.

The prime purpose, or *raison d'être*, of this remarkable reunion was a desire on the part of the citizens of Atlanta to mark off definitely for posterity and future historians the battlefields around Atlanta. Every inch of territory surrounding Georgia's capital was contested ground during the great struggle of 1860–65, and, in order to ascertain positively the movements of the different battalions and artillery that were engaged in storming the city, the men on both sides were invited to assemble together and give testimony of the events of the siege on the thirty-sixth anniversary of the dreadful days when Atlanta was a scene of desolation and carnage.

THIRTY-SIX YEARS AFTER THE WAR

The two most interesting events of the reunion were the rally of the Blue and the Gray around McPherson's monument, two miles east of the city, on July 20, and the mammoth barbecue on the afternoon of the 21st, within the coliseum at the exposition grounds. Many of the old soldiers who assembled around the great iron cannon which marks the spot where the gallant McPherson fell, on the 22d of July, 1864, had last looked into each other's eyes over blazing-mouthed bayonetted rifles and heard each other's voices between the roar of cannons. The spot recalled many sad and tragic memories. The day was perfect, and the dense shade of the forest offered cool protection to the time-worn warriors who walked arm in arm over the once blood-strewn battlefields, recalling and explaining the military manœuvres of the day. A close observer would even now need no guide to tell him that that vicinity around McPherson's monument had once been a scene of battle; for the trees are scarred with bullets, many of which are still to be seen imbedded in the trunks and are easily dislodged by relic-seeking tourists. The earth beneath is rich in broken implements of war—bayonets, swords, canteens and old abandoned rifles. Trees have covered these trophies with leaves, and gradually they have sunk beneath the surface of the earth; but the country children in the vicinity discover them by digging here and there, and sell them at high prices to sightseers.

SOME SOLDIERS WHO MADE HISTORY

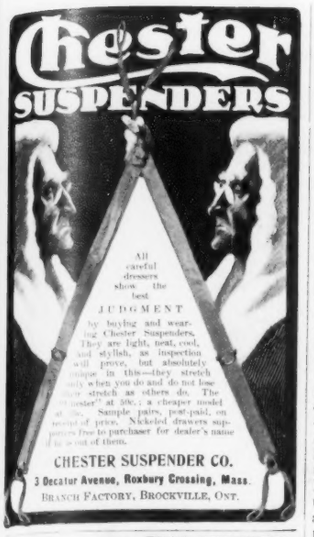
At two o'clock a luncheon was served in the shadow of McPherson's monument, and soldiers who once, in the execution of their respective duties, sought each other's lives, sat down to break bread together. Among the notables present were General A. D. Shaw, commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic; General John B. Gordon, commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans; Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, General J. C. Breckinridge, General O. O. Howard, General S. G. French, General Willard Warner, General James Mount, General Alex. P. Stewart, and many other distinguished officers. Colonel L. F. Livingston of Georgia, who saw General McPherson killed by the Texas lieutenant who fired at him with a revolver as he emerged from the wood, was also present and gave a detailed account of the tragic circumstance. He was also a witness at the death of General William T. Walker, the commander of the Confederate forces, who was likewise killed in the same engagement, just a stone's throw from the spot where McPherson fell, and helped to bear him to the rear on a litter. Many stories were told over the luncheon-table by the assembled warriors of the great battle which had transpired on the historic ground around them.

The great barbecue held the next day would have occurred, had the first plan of arrangement been carried out, within the trenches of the battleground near Peachtree Creek. But, fearing the weather would prove unkind, the tables were, instead, spread under cover. The huge coliseum at the exposition grounds was draped with red, white and blue, and United States and Confederate flags, and three tables were arranged parallel down its length. Here the barbecue, which had been cooking all the morning, was served the hungry but good-tempered veterans. Speeches followed this bountiful Southern repast, and in the course of them Generals Shaw and Gordon had a short but spirited controversy, which, for a moment, threatened to mar the harmony of the grand dispo son of fraternal amity that until then had been unjarred by word or implication. In the course of his speech, which was a brilliant and scholarly effort, General Shaw said:

WHAT THE COMMANDER OF THE G.A.R. SAID

"There can now be but one ideal of American citizenship, one Stars and Stripes, one bulwark of future national glory, and one line of patriotic teachings for all and by all. In this view the keeping alive of sectional teachings as the justice and rights of the cause of the South in the hearts of the children is all out of order, unwise, unjust, and utterly opposed to the bond by which the great chieftain Lee solemnly bound the cause of the South in his final surrender. I deeply deplore all agencies of this sort, because in honor and in chivalric American manhood and womanhood nothing of this nature should be taught or tolerated for an instant. The facts are that one of two things is true. (1) All the issues of the South were surrendered to the Union, or (2) the war for the preservation of the nation and the freedom of the slave, and the end of the causes of contention, was a failure. The whole world acknowledges that the final victory of the matchless Grant was complete, and that the South lost and the Union won."

VETERANS OF THE BLUE AND THE GRAY ASSEMBLED AT McPHERSON'S MONUMENT, ATLANTA, GA., JULY 20, 1900



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SECOND-HAND wheels, good as new; over 50 makes and models. Each . . $3 to $10
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No sooner had he taken his seat than General Gordon, who had previously addressed the assembly, again mounted the table and replied to it, in part, as follows:

A PROTEST FROM THE COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS

"I know that my friend, General Shaw, is devoted and true. Every sentence of his eloquent tribute to American manhood and his every sentiment of loyalty to our father's flag finds an echo in my heart. But when he tells me and my Southern comrades that teaching our children that the cause for which we fought and our comrades died is all wrong I must earnestly protest. In the name of the future manhood of the South I protest. What are we to teach them? If we cannot teach them that their fathers were right, it follows that these Southern children must be taught that they were wrong. Are we ready for that? For one I am not ready! I never will be ready to have my children taught that I was wrong or that the cause of my people was unjust and unholy. . . Let us settle this question now and forever. Let us settle it upon a basis consistent with the self-respect and manhood of both sides. Let us settle it upon a basis consistent with the welfare of the great republic. There is a basis on which we can all stand. It is that monumental truth which history will yet record and heaven reveal at last; namely, that both sides were right because both were fighting for the constitution of the fathers as they had been taught to interpret it and both were right."

HARMONY IS FINALLY RESTORED

While General Gordon was speaking the excitement was intense. The Confederate veterans cheered him to the echo, and for a moment the situation was a dubious one. General Shaw, however, was equal to the emergency, and, with great tact and self-possession, he declared that the import of his words had been misunderstood, adding: "If I had been in the Confederate service and a man had come to my house and told me to teach my children the cause I fought for was wrong, I would have turned him out of doors."

This speech saved the day and restored the harmony of the occasion, which in many respects was the most notable of the many splendid events that have adorned Atlanta's history.

The reunion of the Blue and the Gray was an inspiring occasion, illustrating the generous nature of the American people, once divided into hostile sections, but once more united in the bonds of fraternal sympathy. The idea of bringing erstwhile enemies together upon the very battlefields, on many of which the breastworks and rough fortresses are still standing, was original with Atlanta, and united many survivors of a stormy but glorious period in the bonds of friendship, with all of whom the occasion must remain a pleasant memory.

C. R. S. HORTON.

TRAVELLING IN CHINA

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

household in the sacred city; but these troops are not drilled on foreign principles.

TRADE RUINED IN NORTHERN CHINA

The result of the present disturbance in the province of Chili is an entire trade stagnation in northern China. Foreign goods cannot be landed at Tien-tsin and Chinese products cannot be forwarded from the interior for shipment abroad. A prompt re-establishment of order and peace is very much desired in the interest of commerce. The appearance of quietude and tranquillity will revive the old friendship between the comparatively few foreigners residing in China and the Celestials. The attitude of the Chinese in most of the treaty ports toward Europeans and Americans has seldom left anything to be desired. The foreigners in the Middle Kingdom have mostly good times and generally lead a princely life, which always leaves pleasant reminiscences in their minds and does not make them adhere to the general opinion that all the diplomats and residents of Pekin were barbarously murdered.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

One of our illustrations shows a crowd of people standing on one of these peculiar Chinese city bridges curiously watching approaching "Foreign Devils," called "Yang Kwei Tsze." This is the general aspect of onlookers to those travelling through populous places in the interior.

The Cossacks, or Russian Frontier Guard, are stationed along the line of the Eastern Chinese Railroad, which is constructed by a Russian syndicate under Government protection. This line runs from the Siberian frontier through Manchuria and will connect the great Siberian trunk railway with the Yellow Sea. When finished, in 1902, the Atlantic Coast will be connected with the Pacific by a direct road.

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Hold so that a joint cannot waver

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Wear the Glasses as you may, the screws will not come loose. They cannot. Every optician knows the superiority of Lens Locked Screws. If he thinks only of *your* good, he'll advise you to get them. But they cost him a little more trouble and a few more cents. He may sniff at them. If he does, send us your rimless Eye-Glasses (nickel) and 50 cents and we'll fit them with

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Collier's In China

It is the mission of Collier's Weekly to watch where history is making. Not to follow the event, but to foresee and prepare for it. No territorial limits restrict it. It "covers" the world. With the possibility of an outbreak in China in view, Mr. Frederick Palmer, our special correspondent, was kept in the Philippines instead of being sent to South Africa. The trouble has come—Mr. Palmer is there. And so, if China is divided, Collier's Weekly will get more than its share—of the news.

TROOPS, EN ROUTE FOR MINDANAO, BEING TRANSFERRED, ON NATIVE RAFTS, FROM TRANSPORTS

WINDING UP THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

By FREDERICK PALMER

NEGROS AND ITS PEOPLE

I LEFT ILOILO at noon one hot day on the *Cabanbanan*, a little steamer which makes the four hours' run to or from Silay on alternate days. She is the property of a full-blooded Filipino and handled by a Filipino crew. The captain was good enough to hold her for me for a few minutes after the regular hour of departure in order that I might get the necessary military pass to embark from one port to another. On the decks were the bare-footed natives, some with their families, all with more or less baggage, and a few with their inseparable fighting cocks.

The first-class passengers, who had their "tiffin" in the little cabin and their siesta in the breeze on the bridge, were all sugar planters returning from the sugar market of Iloilo to their haciendas. Without any "drawing" on my part they began among themselves a conversation in Spanish on the inevitable question of the "situation."

"Have you read Senator Beveridge's speech?" was the question of the one who began it.

Apparently all had.

FILIPINO PLANTERS CRITICISE ATKINSON AND BEVERIDGE

"He thinks that we are the same as the caribao [water buffalo]," said Senor L. "He would hitch us to a cart and govern us with a rod—we who own plantations, and employ hundreds of people, and send our children abroad to be educated. He is worse than Atkinson."

"I saw him when he was at Bacolod. He is only a boy," said Senor A. "He told General Smith all about the situation in Negros—General Smith, who has been here for months and who knows us like brothers."

Seeing that I was following what he said, Senor A. turned to me.

"Are all the people of the United States of the same opinion as Senator Beveridge?" he asked. "Do they think that we are caribao?"

"Not exactly," I replied.

"Is he the one whom President McKinley wants as a successor to carry out his policy? That is what we understood when he came here."

"He is a member of the Senate, but there has been no talk about him for the Presidency," I explained. Then I asked in turn: "Why do you put Mr. Atkinson in the same class as Senator Beveridge?"

"Because he has no more head than the Senator," was the reply. "Because he knows no more about the situation. If your troops left these islands they would leave them in a state of anarchy. We could rule ourselves in Negros, but we could not keep either the Tagalic or the European usurper out."

GENERAL SMITH IS A FAVORITE

"So you like General Smith?" I said.

"Si! si!" they exclaimed in a breath.

"He is a friend and a brother," said Senor G. "He has a head. He has some knowledge of politics. He does not think that we are caribao. There are no ladrones among your soldiers in Negros. If one of them strikes a native or enters a private house without invitation or steals, General Smith punishes him just the same as he would punish a native for the same offence. We see that he is just and therefore we like him."

"But he vetoes a great many measures of your house of legislature, doesn't he?" I asked.

"Yes, your President vetoes the bills your Congress passes. Why not? We are just learning to govern ourselves. The Spaniards never gave us the chance. If we make mistakes General Smith corrects them. He always explains why he does everything. Sometimes we think that he is wrong, but later on we see that he is right."

I asked them if they preferred American rule to Spanish, and if they really preferred it to Aguinaldo's so-called republic. All said "Si! Si!" very emphatically, but with the proviso that our rule should continue to be as liberal as it is now.

THE SUGAR PLANTATIONS

The *Cabanbanan* dropped her anchor off the town at four o'clock when the sun, now settling down in the heavens, shone over one's shoulder as he looked at the great stretches of plain, with their sugar plantations, and beyond the dark-tinted range of mountains which form the backbone of the island. As we went ashore in a small boat I saw one American soldier on the pier, the only one which I saw until I reached Bacolod, nine miles distant.

As soon as he knew that I was going to the capital, Senor L. invited me—or, rather, insisted that I should accompany him in his quilez.

"My hacienda is just beyond Talisay, which is between here and Bacolod. You will remain all night, and in the morning I will send you on to General Smith."

I thanked him for his hospitality, but told him that I wanted to see the General and return to Silay in time to catch the steamer which left at eleven o'clock on the following morning.

"Impossible! impossible!" he exclaimed. "You will not get a good night's rest. You will have to rise too early in the morning. However, it shall be as you say. My quilez shall take you on to-night. You will stop with me for an hour and eat a little luncheon, and I will see to it that you are in Bacolod by nine o'clock."

TROTTING BULLS AND PIES

Trotting bulls take the place of carriage horses almost entirely in Negros. Senor L.'s quilez, which was waiting for him, had one bull in the thills, with a native to drive it, and another trotting alongside with a second servant astride. We alighted at a little shop before leaving the town, where my host bought half a dozen savory meat pies, and we sat down in the easy way of the Orient to chat and have something to drink.

"You will like the pies. You will have an appetite for them after the ride," said Senor L.

While at first he would speak no English at all, now that he became better acquainted my host took pride in exhibiting the progress he had made in our language.

"I have grammar, no teacher. English very hard. I study much. I learn by and by," he explained.

What with establishing schools, the native government at Negros has as yet spent very little money on roads and prisons. Truly the strength of a bull is required to draw a quilez over the bumps. When we changed "horses" halfway to Talisay, all that was necessary was to lift the thills and for one bull to walk out from under, and the other to walk under, the yoke. The bull is guided by a single strand of rope attached to a ring in the nose. The driver throws the rope to either side of the horns and directs his steed by a hard pull. A native yoke made of bent bamboo crowding up onto the bull's horns is the only brake the vehicle had; so that when we went down a rather steep incline to a river bed the carriage carried the bull with it at a lively pace, banging and jumping over the stones and finally into the water up to its axles.

THE FEUDAL LORD OF THE LAND

We found when we reached Talisay, which was just at dusk, that a nut on a bolt holding one of the thills had been spring. The native blacksmith was called in. He was a bent old man with keen eyes looking through a pair of spectacles, who bowed very courteously to Senor L., and then, talking partly to himself and partly to us, looked at the bolt from every point of view, and after pottering about for a time in his shop returned with a nut that would fit the bolt. By that time a little crowd had gathered. All had a bow and a courteous word for the planter and the "Americano." He greeted them all with the smiling noblesse oblige of a feudal lord. He did not pay the blacksmith, any more than he had paid for the pies, or even ask the price. Both shopkeeper and smith will send in their "chits" at the end of the month.

It was quite dark when we drove into the square surrounded by the buildings of Senor L.'s estate. On the ground-floor of his house was the storeroom for his vehicles and implements; upstairs, spacious, long and almost bare, high-ceilinged rooms with floors of rich, dark, polished hard wood—the stamp of Spanish civilization. My host, however, was a full-blooded Visayan and proud of his race. Both of his little girls wanted to be kissed and hugged by the home-coming father at the same time. For my luncheon he brought out a bottle of very good wine, the pies that he had bought on the way, and delicious mangoes. The servants took as much interest as he in making me comfortable, and up to our words of farewell he was trying, with a planter's proverbial hospitality, to make me change my mind about returning to-day and remain a week instead as his guest.

A CHAT WITH THE GOVERNOR

I arrived at the Governor's house, fortunately, a few minutes before his bedtime, and we sat up talking about Negros well into the morning. Colonel Smith came here with his regiment, the Californias, fourteen months ago, at the supposed invitation of the insurgent government of the island, whose attitude toward the government of Aguinaldo was more or less independent from the first. It was decidedly the best of any of the insular native governments of the Visayas, for most of the natives wielding any influence are property-owners and planters who are naturally more or less conservative. He found that the invitation actually represented only a faction. Many of the old office-holders and leading men were against the Americans and nearly all regarded them with suspicion. If the situation with which he had to deal was more favorable than that of any other island, it was far from peaceable. Bands numbering in all two or three thousand disputed his possession of outlying towns. There are still a few gangs of brigands in the mountainous districts who sweep down into the plain for purposes of robbery and murder, if they think that the field is clear, or warn one another of the approach of our troops by sounding horns made of conch-shells from village to village—a system of alarm peculiar to Negros.

Papa Icio is the nominal head of all the insurrectos and brigands. He has taken to himself the name of "Pope," and he acts the part of an inspired prophet, edifying his followers with semi-civilized religious rites of his own invention.

Both General Otis and Mr. Schurman were interested from the first in making Negros a model island, a pattern of our civil governments in actual working order. While thus far in all other parts of the islands the elective power of the native is limited entirely to municipal affairs, in Negros they have a general government of their own and an insular constitution accepted by a vote of the people. If the great provinces of Luzon are as far along as this in two years, we may congratulate ourselves. The people of Negros elect their own civil governor, at a salary of three thousand dollars (gold) a year, and an advisory council of eight members, which is practically a legislature. The Governor presides over the council, which has speeches as prolonged, discussions as bitter, obstructive tactics as clever and factions as many as our own Congress.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRINSTEIN, SYRACUSE

LONG, N. Y. A. C.

TEWKSBURY, PENNSYLVANIA

JARVIS, PRINCETON

KRAENZLEIN, PENNSYLVANIA

AMERICAN ATHLETES ABROAD

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIPS

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK)

In the next race, the one hundred and twenty yard hurdle, Kraenzlein took the fancy of the crowd. In his heat he did 15 1-2s. with the greatest of ease. The crowd were simply astonished and swore they had never seen anything like it. In the final, he met Pritchard of India and Trafford of England. Pritchard has done 15 3-5s., but Kraenzlein tore away from him and won by six yards in 15 2-5s., a world's record for a grass track.

America was now three events to the good, but England scored again in the half-mile. It was run in heats as usual, and the final saw three Englishmen—Tysoe, Graham and Dessham—face three Americans—Cregan of Princeton, Bray of Williams and Drumheller of Pennsylvania. Graham, who won the International College race in England last year, went out to kill his men. At the end of the first quarter it was seen that Tysoe and Cregan were running easily and strongly. On the back stretch Graham made his effort, but Cregan passed him and, on the upper turn, looked like a winner. But, on coming into the straight, Tysoe came fast and strong, and immediately opened up a gap. Cregan struggled bravely but to no avail, and Tysoe won by ten yards in 1m. 57 4-5s. Dessham was third and Drumheller fourth.

In the four-mile race the Americans were nowhere. Alec Grant stopped running the first mile, Dick Grant was lapped, and Newton of the N. Y. A. C. just failed to make standard time—21m. Newton made the best showing of the Americans in this event. This was a fine race, and a new champion turned up in Rimmer. He ran the first mile in 4m. 48 2-5s., passed the three-mile mark in 14m. 58s., and won in 20m. 11s. He was comparatively fresh at the finish.

This left the Americans but one to the good, they having won four and the Englishmen three.

The hammer soon gave the Stars and Stripes a new event and England a new record, for Flannagan of the N. Y. A. C. hurled the missile 163 ft., adding 12 ft. 1 in. to the former record. Flannagan really outclassed the other contestants. Hare of Pennsylvania gave Kiely, the Irish and English champion, a great contest for second place, losing finally by 5 in. Kiely's throw measured 139 ft. 2 in., while Hare's was 138 ft. 9 in. McCracken was third at 134 ft. 1 in.

In this event the Pennsylvania men were at a disadvantage, as they were throwing with a straight wooden handle to which they were not accustomed. Under American conditions, all three places would have gone to America.

Kraenzlein became a dual winner by carrying off the broad jump at 22 ft. 10 1-4 in. O'Connor of Ireland was second at 22 ft. 4 in., and Leahy of Ireland third with 22 ft. 2 in. Prinstein of Syracuse did not appear, thus robbing the event of half its interest. The above jump is a poor one for Kraenzlein, but it is accounted for by the poor take-off. O'Connor, who has been regularly doing over 23 ft. this year, and who won the Ireland *vs.* Scotland dual broad jump last Saturday at 23 ft. 4 in., had to content himself with a whole foot less, and that is about the distance which the poor take-off accounted for. In other words, with a first-class take-off, Kraenzlein would have done close to 24 ft. He won, however, and that was enough to make the Americans present, especially the Pennsylvanians, very happy; for, with six events already won, the meet seemed assured.

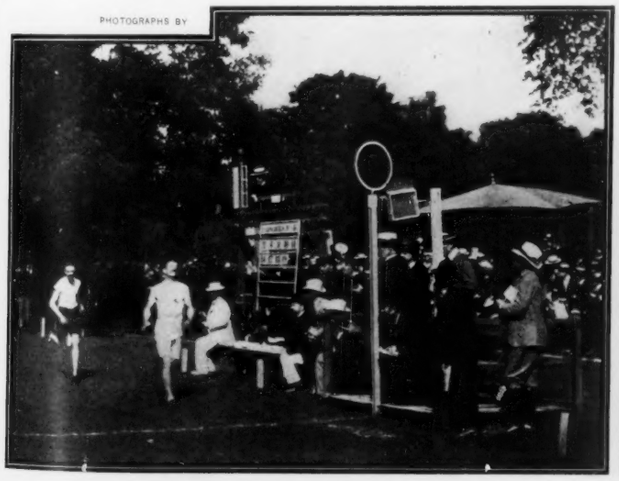
The next event was the only one which did not have an American entry, it having been abolished as a sport some time since in America. It must be said, however, that no American entry would have been successful, as Sturgess, the English walker, is a wonder. He has held the English championship since 1894, and seems to be peerless. His hour record of 8 miles 270 yds. is one of the most remarkable performances in athletics. He won easily, with his club mate—Butler—second.

Now came the finest race of the day, the quarter-mile. This had been run in heats early in the afternoon, and Long, N. Y. A. C., Davison, L. A. C., Pride-Jones, L. A. C., Welsh of Scotland and Maloney of Chicago reached the finals. Maloney had a walkover in his heat, and thus was fresh for the final, quite an advantage. Welsh of Scotland made the running and he started like a whirlwind, with Long and Maloney in close pursuit. The order remained unchanged until rounding the turn, when the two Americans moved up. Davison, the winner of the International College quarter-mile race last year, also commenced to move up, but he had lain back too far and could not get near the front. Down the stretch Welsh, Long and Maloney came. The first and last petered out toward the finish, but Long broke the tape four yards ahead, and running strongly, in 49 4-5s. His victory was so cleancut that the crowd applauded him again and again. Maloney lasted long enough to win second from the plucky Scot.

The pole vault was really an object lesson for the great number of Englishmen present. The English rules allow climbing of the pole, and the sport has thus degenerated into a sort of monkey trick and lost favor with the public. But the great crowd were delighted with the grace and beauty of the American style, and they seemed to enjoy the event immensely.

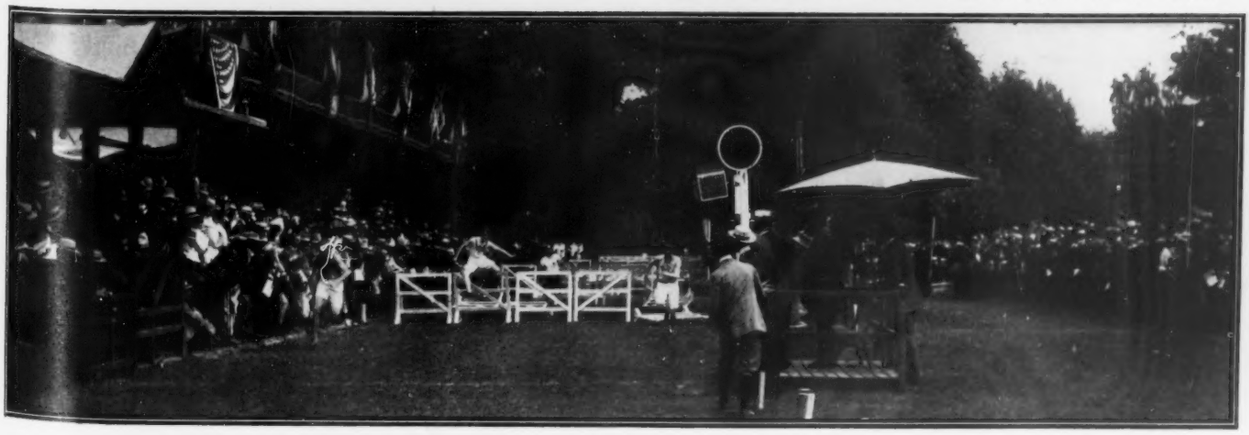
It furnished a surprise, for Colkett of Pennsylvania not only

PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR CORRESPONDENT



BENNETT (ENGLAND) WINNING THE 1,500-METRE RACE

KRAENZLEIN (PENNSYLVANIA) WINNING THE 60-METRE RACE, WITH TEWKSBURY SECOND



KRAENZLEIN (PENNSYLVANIA) WINNING THE 110-METRE HURDLE

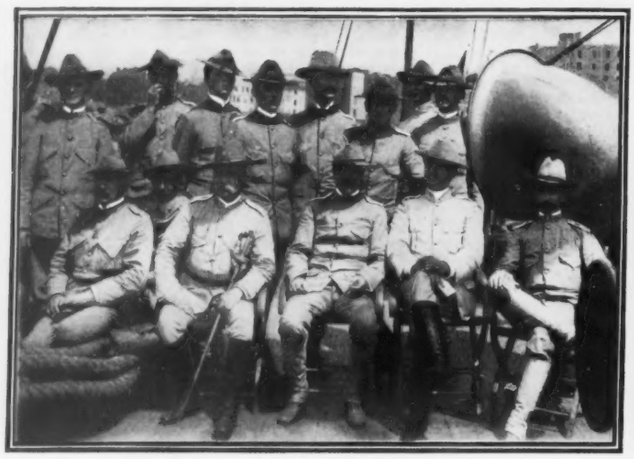
FAMOUS AMERICAN ATHLETES AT THE PARIS GAMES

THE EIGHTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY ON BOARD

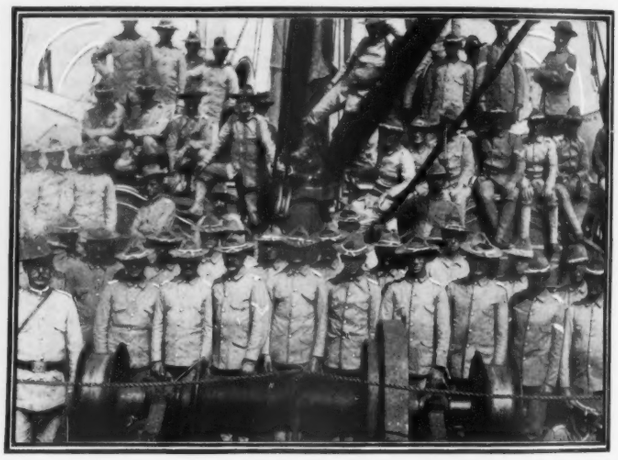
SOME OF THE FIFTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY WHICH STARTED FOR CHINA JULY 23

THE UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT "CROOK"

MAJOR CORNISH AND OFFICERS OF THE FIFTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY



MAJOR W. L. PITCHER AND OFFICERS OF THE EIGHTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT "CROOK"



COMPANY G, EIGHTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES ARMY TRANSPORT "CROOK," FROM CUBA, JULY 23

THE EIGHTH AND FIFTEENTH INFANTRY UNDER ORDERS FOR CHINA

beat out the Princeton vaulters, Horton and Coleman, but he came within an ace of tying with Johnson for first place, the latter getting over only on his third trial. Johnson, N. Y. A. C., finally won at 11 ft. 4 in., Colkett of Pennsylvania being second, with a vault of 11 ft. 1 in., the Princeton men tying at 10 ft. 7 in.

The only other event now was the steeplechase, and the Americans all looked to Orton to uphold the besmirched honor of their distance runners. Alas! he also failed to run up to form and had to be content with fourth place. Robinson, Walker and Lloyd finished in that order. The course favored Orton, who is a good hurdler and jumper, but he could not stand the pace.

However, America may well feel proud of her representatives, who carried off eight of the events, making a new world's record for grass in the hurdle race, equalling the English record in the one hundred yards, and making a new British record in the hammer throw. The New York Athletic Club team carried off the greatest number of first places—four; but the Pennsylvania team really did the best work of the meeting, as they won three firsts, one second, four thirds and six fourths, being placed in ten of the thirteen events. This is a remarkable showing for any team.

THE PARIS GAMES

By GEO. W. ORTON

PARIS, JULY 17

THE most remarkable games in the history of sport have been going on here for the past three days. All the world's championships, and several other scratch events, have been decided, and the outcome has been an overwhelming victory for the American athletes. Of the twenty-one events held, they captured seventeen. In the world's championships proper, nine of the twelve events went to America.

The most successful team—that from the University of Pennsylvania, for they won six out of the twelve events—took off three seconds and one third. This is a wonderful record, and all Americans should be proud of the grand work of these men.

Princeton won the 100-metre race, the New York Athletic Club the 400-metre and shot put. The Englishmen carried off the 800 and 1,500-metre, but lost the 2,500-metre steeplechase to America. Hungary won the only other event, the discus.

The games were held on the grounds of the Racing Club of France in the Bois de Boulogne. The track (500 metres—546 yards) is a grass one, and is flanked by grand trees; but, if we are to judge from the times made on it, it is very fast. It is slightly uphill in the stretch, thus handicapping the sprinters and hurdlers.

The management of the games, which had been poor, improved on Sunday and Monday. In France but one event is held at a time, and they are bound to drag. The starting deserves censure. It was very poor, and came near spoiling the hurdle race when, in the final, McClain of Michigan beat the gun a good six yards. Kraenzlein looked beaten, and he would surely have suffered his first defeat had he not been such an extraordinary athlete. He caught McClain at the eighth hurdle and won by two yards. Despite the rather heavy going, he did 15 2-5s., equalling the world's grass record—a wonderful performance!

After this exhibition the French starter was deprived of his position, and Sanford, the old Yale athlete, fired the gun in all the sprint events.

Kraenzlein of Pennsylvania proved himself the fastest and most remarkable athlete in the world, either on the flat or over the hurdles. Besides the hurdle race, he won the 60-metre (65 1-2 yards) race from Tewksbury of Pennsylvania in 7s., a new world's record. In the 200-metre hurdle (218 3-5 yards) he again showed his superiority. Though the hurdles were at different distances from those in the American low hurdles, he won by twelve yards in 25 1-5s.—another world's record. He scored again in the broad jump, clearing 23 ft. 5 3-4 in.

In the 100-metre (109 3-10 yards) race both Jarvis of Princeton and Tewksbury of Pennsylvania made world's records in their heats, running in 10 4-5s. The final saw Jarvis, Tewksbury and Duffy of America, and Rowley of Australia on the mark. Jarvis was first away. Duffy had passed him at forty yards, and was leading by two feet when he was seen to falter and then fall heavily, his leg having given way. On went the others, and Jarvis won a magnificent race by ten inches from Tewksbury, with Rowley but a foot away. Rowley is rather slow in starting, but a demon finisher, and it looked as if he would have won had the race been ten yards longer.

Possibly the greatest performance of the meeting was that of Ewry of the N. Y. A. C. in the standing jumps. In the high jump he cleared the unprecedented height of 5 ft. 4 1-2 in., while in the triple jump he made another world's record of 34 ft. 7 1-2 in. In the standing broad jump he did 10 ft. 8 1-2 in., according to French measurement, though a steel tape and American measurement made it 10 ft. 10 in.

M. W. Long of the N. Y. A. C. ran the grandest quarter-mile race I have ever seen. On the grass he did 49 2-5s. for the 400 metres (437 2-5 yards), running easily. In his present form Long could beat any man that has ever run the quarter, excepting, possibly, Lon Meyers.

Flannagan of the N. Y. A. C. threw the hammer grandly, coming within three and one-half inches of his own world's record, his best throw being 167 ft. 4 1-2 in. Hare of Pennsylvania made a grand throw of 151 ft. 9 in.; McCracken, also of Pennsylvania, was the third with 143 ft. Sheldon of the N. Y. A. C. made the best shot put of his career—46 ft. 2 1-2 in. Under American conditions he really put the weight over 47 ft.

Baxter of Pennsylvania won the high jump at 6 ft. 2 1-2 in. and just failed to clear 6 ft. 6 in. He won the pole vault at 10 ft. 8 1-2 in. He was second to Ewry in all three standing jumps. The Pennsylvanian did 5 ft. 1-2 in. in the high jump, 10 ft. 2 3-4 in. in the broad jump, and 32 ft. 6 1-4 in. in the triple jump; the first two being standing events.

Tewksbury won the 400-metre (437 2-5 yards) hurdle race, making a new record of 57 3-5s. This was noteworthy, as it was the first time he had ever run in this event.

Several Americans understood that "Triple Saut" meant the running hop, step and jump, so the Frenchmen very obligingly added that event to the programme. Prinstein of Syracuse won, jumping 47 ft. 4 3-4 in., close to a world's record. He jumped grandly in the broad jump, and was beaten by Kraenzlein but half an inch, the Pennsylvanian clearing 23 ft. 5 3-4 in. and the Syracusian 23 ft. 5 1-4 in.

The Englishmen won the 800-metre (874 4-5 yards) flat, the 1,500-metre (1,635 yards) flat race and the 4,000-metre (2 miles 840 yards) steeplechase. Tysoe won the 800-metre by fifteen yards in a close race, with Cragan second, in 2m. 1 1-5s., and Hall third. In his heat, Hall did 1m. 55s. Tysoe is a grand half-miler, undoubtedly good for 1m. 55s. In the 1,500-metre, Bennett, the English mile champion, made the pace all the way and won in the world's record time of 4m. 6s. He was closely followed by Delogé of France. These were championships events, but the 4,000-metre hurdle was not. Rimmer, the four-mile flat champion, won in the fastest time ever made for the distance—12m. 58 2-5s.

The 2,500-metre steeplechase was the fastest ever run; for the time, 7m. 34s. for 1 mile 965 yards, is better than 10m. for the full two miles. The full two miles should have been run in 10m. 5s.

The pace was fast from the start, and, after the first lap, Robinson forced the running. Orton came up on the third lap and took the lead, but Robinson was soon ahead, followed closely by Chastainé, the French champion. Orton was fifteen yards back on the last lap. Three hundred yards from home he began to sprint. In one hundred and fifty yards he was ahead, and coming down the

...he widened the distance between himself and R...son and won by six yards.

Murphy, Pennsylvania's trainer, got up a scratch tug-of-war team. It was composed of Flanagan, Lou and Dick Sheldon of the N. Y. A. C., Hare and McCracken of Pennsylvania and Garrett of Princeton. America drew a bye and the Danes beat the Frenchmen. An hour later the Danes met the Americans. The Scandinavians were all large men. The Americans won the first pull in about 30s. It was the best two out of three, and changing ends, they went at it again. This time the contest was much more stubborn, but American pluck and strength won the day. The Danes could not understand it, and went around among the American team feeling their arms and legs.

This closes the scratch events. America has won seventeen events outright, outclassing the rest of the world in all kinds of track and field athletics. Of these Pennsylvania's team won eight firsts, eight seconds and three thirds, the N. Y. A. C. team seven firsts and three thirds, Princeton one first, one second and two thirds. This speaks for itself, proving Pennsylvania to have had the greatest team ever sent out to represent any club or college.

The American teams left the United States believing that none of the world's championships would be held on Sunday; they found that every championship would be held on that day. An indignation meeting was held and the matter discussed. The French commissioners promised to run off the finals of the 110-metre hurdles and 100-metre flat on Saturday and the 800-metre on Monday.

The Americans also believed that in the field events the American athletes would be allowed to compete on Monday and their best performances would count. The French authorities denied that they had made any such agreement. The fault, therefore, lies with Mr. Spalding and M. de Garmendia, who should have had the matter clearly stated, put down in writing and passed by the French authorities. It would have saved a great deal of discussion and some bitterness, and an injustice being done some teams whose sectarian character would not allow them to compete on the Lord's Day.

Some Pennsylvania athletes competed, and the other American college teams seem to think she played them false. The truth is, that Pennsylvania was the first to protest against Sunday games—three months before the famous Princeton protest. Mr. Ellis, the head of the Pennsylvania team, did the only thing to be done. He left the matter with the individual athletes. Kraenzlein, Baxter, Tewksbury, Colkett and Orton competed, and, in my opinion, they showed a cosmopolitanism that, under the circumstances, was praiseworthy. They and the N. Y. A. C. saved the day for America. In but one event—the pole vault, in which Johnson did not compete—would there have been any possible change in the winners had every American athlete competed.

Of course, had Pennsylvania stayed out, it would have been an even stronger object lesson to the French on Sunday observance; but, as Baxter very sagely remarked, "We were not sent over here as missionaries, but as athletes."

In polite society it is always best to avoid two subjects—religion and politics. I make these observations on the Sunday question, though I expect to convince no one whose ideas are fixed upon such a matter.

By countries the score is:

America	17 firsts	13 seconds	12 thirds
England	3 "	2 "	1 "
Hungary	1 "	1 "	1 "
France	—	2 "	2 "
India	—	1 "	1 "
Australia	—	—	2 "
Ireland	—	1 "	1 "
Denmark	—	1 "	1 "

SOUTHERN GIRL

Visiting Friends in Knoxville.

"I had been greatly troubled by being kept awake at night whenever I drank coffee. It also disagreed with my digestion. Last summer I was visiting a friend in Knoxville who had been suffering from rheumatism, caused by coffee drinking. She had quit using coffee and was using Postum and had recovered; also her delicate daughter, who had been an invalid for a long time, was greatly benefited by the use of Postum Food Coffee.

"I found while I was there and using Postum regularly that I slept much better and grew so strong in my nerves that the change was wonderful. I trust my testimonial will be the means of inducing others to try your magnificent beverage. These are true and honest facts." Miss Frances Smith, 632 Douglas St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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No other Piano made equals this in style and design of case

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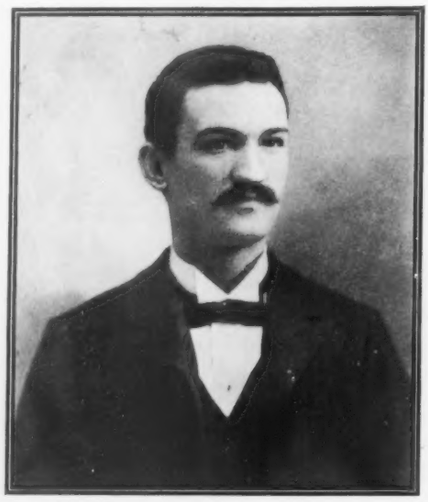

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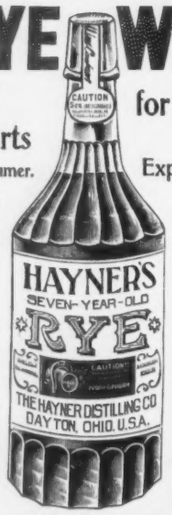

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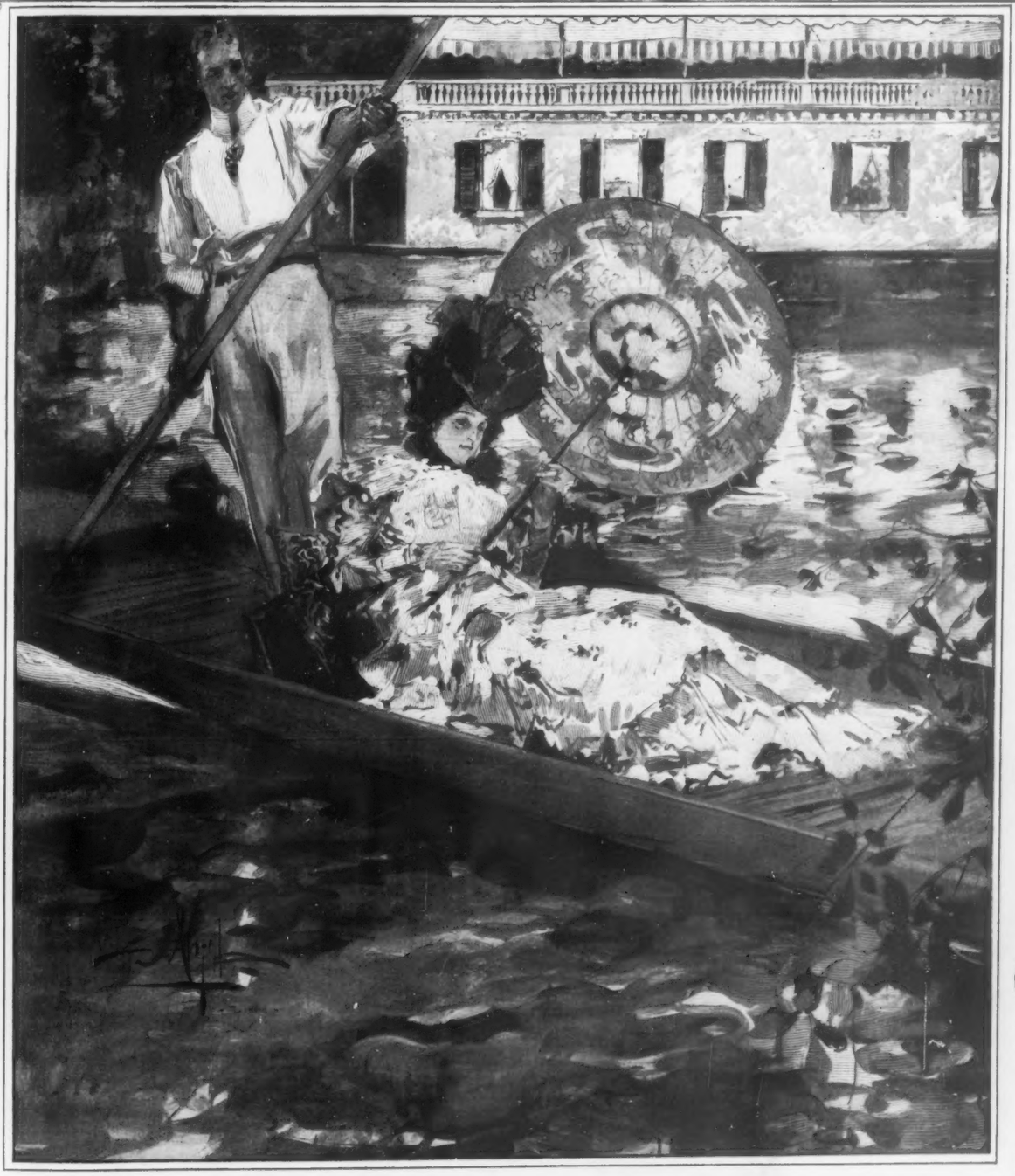

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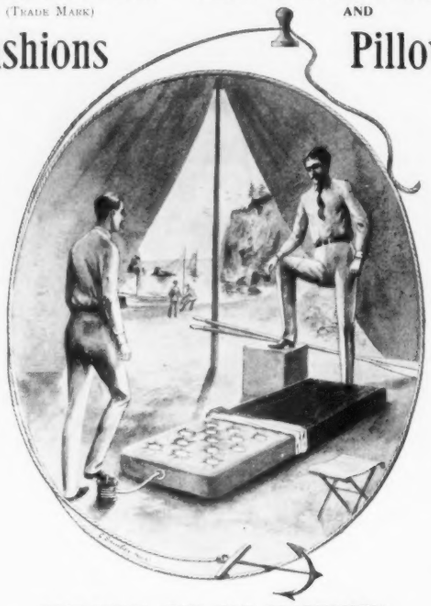

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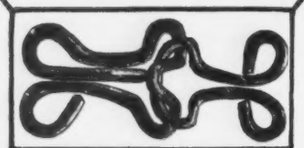

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